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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

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"The Peculiar Institution."

POOR WHITE FOLKS.

We find, in the Home Journal, a letter from the South, which gives a very graphic account of the Poor White Folks. As the writer is evidently no Abolitionist, and does not hint at the cause of this state of things, he certainly ought to be admitted as good evidence:

I have uniformly found the people of all classes, I have met with, kind and hospitable; and, being totally unarmed, have had as little fear of life or money, while travelling among them, as I would in Massachusetts. The Crackers, as they are called, are the poor, white population of Georgia—very poor and very ignorant. Very few of them can either read or write, and are too lazy to improve their condition. They abhor labour, and will only work just so much as to obtain a mere subsistence. They will take possession of any land unoccupied, which suits their fancy, without knowing or caring to whom it belongs—erect a cabin—plant a few acres of Indian corn, and a little patch of cotton to make their own cloth, and with a few pigs, a cow or two, a mule or horse, manage to live and bring up a large family in the same ignorance with themselves. When they get tired of living in one place, or have exhausted the soil of the few acres they have cultivated, they pack all their moveables into an one horse cart, and move to another county. Thus they are constantly migrating and never settled for life. Their ancestors are said to be Highland Scotch, who first settled the western part of North Carolina, from thence they have gradually worked their way into Georgia, and have commenced invading Alabama. They have no objections to working in cotton factories, and are employed in the factories which are now in operation in Georgia, and make much better operatives than the slaves—but agricultural labour they consider nigger's work. If Georgia should become a manufacturing State, as is confidently predicted, they may be usefully employed, and their condition very much ameliorated. They are generally a good-natured, inoffensive people, have a great deal of pride and independence of character, with all their poverty and ignorance. They scorn to tell a lie or steal, but vindictive and revengeful when insulted or injured, and will not hesitate to shoot a man behind his back to revenge an injury or an insult. An instance occurred in Monroe county a few days before I passed through there. A Cracker was insulted by a neighbouring planter, and watched his opportunity to take his revenge by shooting him dead. The planter had several hundred dollars in his pocket, which was found untouched. The Cracker fled; and as the laws are so loosely administered in Georgia, he will probably escape justice.

The Georgia planters sacrifice almost all the comforts of life, and devote all their energy and all their means to raising cotton. It is the only article they can raise that will bring them money. They buy negroes to raise cotton, and raise cotton to buy negroes. A planter, with whom I spent a night, is worth $50,000. He lives in a cabin, full of wide cracks on every side, through which the wind and rain have free access, and a chimney made of sticks, cross-piled and plastered with clay. He raises, for the subsistence of his family and negroes, plenty of corn and pigs; and with corn-bread, and fried fresh pork, and smoked bacon, they live contented the year round. Yet he is not miserly, but a free-hearted man—they do not know how to live better. There are, however, exceptions—some of the wealthy planters have the comforts and even the luxuries of life, and know how to appreciate them. Their implements of husbandry are of the most rude construction. Their plows are such as we might imagine were used in scriptural times, being three sticks put together in the form of a triangle, the hypothenuse forming the handle—the point at the sharp angle being shod with iron, much in the shape of a mason's trowel, and not much larger. With this rude instrument they prepare their ground for their cotton, corn, and other crops, scratching up the soil, not exceeding three inches deep. Some of the large planters, however, have become so much enlightened as to use real Yankee plows; and a better system of cultivation is being gradually introduced.

From the Western Citizen.

ADMINISTRATION OF LAW.

"Every black or mulatto person who shall be found in this State, and not having such a certificate as is required by this chapter, shall be deemed a runaway slave or servant, and it shall be lawful for any inhabitant of this State to take such black or mulatto person before some Justice of the Peace, and should such black or mulatto person not produce such certificate as aforesaid, it shall be the duty of such Justice to cause such black or mulatto person to be committed to the custody of the Sheriff of the county, who shall keep such black or mulatto person, and in three days after receiving him, shall advertise him at the Court-house door, and shall transmit a notice, and cause the same to be advertised for six weeks in some public newspaper printed nearest the place of apprehending such black or mulatto person, stating a description of the most remarkable features of the supposed runaway; and if such person so committed shall not produce a certificate or other evidence of his freedom, within the term aforesaid, it shall be the duty of the Sheriff to hire him out for the best price he can get, after having given five days previous notice thereof, from month to month, for the space of one year; and if no owner shall appear and substantiate his claim before the expiration of the year, the Shetiff shall give a certificate to such black or mulatto person, who, on producing the same to the next Circuit Court of the county, may obtain a certificate from the Court, stating the facts, and the person shall be deemed a free person, unless he shall be lawfully claimed by his proper owner, or owners hereafter."—*Section 5 of the Black Laws of Illinois.*

BLACK LAW EXECUTED.

"*Sheriff's certificate to Harry Buckman.*"

This is the Magistrate's superscription on the following *delegation of human rights*:

"State of Illinois, Madison Co.

I, Andrew Miller, Sheriff of Madison county, of the State of Illinois, do hereby certify that a coloured man calling himself by the name of Harry Buckman, about fifty years of age, very black, about five feet seven inches high, and having a hernia or rupture, was committed to the common jail of this county, as a runaway slave, on the 8th day of May, 1845, *and has been duly dealt with according to the statute in such cases made and provided.* He will, therefore, be considered a free man, unless lawfully claimed by his owner or owners.

Given under my hand and seal, this twenty-fifth day of June, 1846.

ANDREW MILLER.

Sheriff of Madison county, State of Illinois.

The bearer of the foregoing certificate is a superannuated negro, who has just reached Springfield, and is performing menial services at the "City Hotel."

The following are authenticated incidents of his eventful life. He was born in the State of Virginia, about 1796, where he lived until six years of age. His owner becoming insolvent, he was then sold from the auction stand to Wm. Clay, of Kentucky, to which State he was soon taken. He was owned by Clay about twelve years; after which he was again sold to a Kentuckian, named Garnett. This gentleman resided in that State about ten years after he had purchased this slave, (whose name was Harry Buckman) when he removed with all his family and servants to one of the border counties of Missouri. Mr. Garnett was an avaricious man, and finding that slave-labour was in great demand, hired out for about fifteen years in succession, his boy Harry. The boy being about forty-four years of age, had already completed his apprenticeship, and could no longer command ordinary wages per annum. Hence, he must remain with his owner. This he did; and received as pay for *his hard earnings*, abuses and stripes. Harry frequently had the boldness to threaten to run away from Garnett, if he continued his harsh treatment. This thought of absconding was very pleasing to his master; and, on the last occasion, when Harry was suffering abuse, he threatened, as usual, to leave, Garnett told him, with an imprecation, if he did *not* leave immediately, he would shoot him. Whereupon Harry resolved to start for the soil of the free.

He set out towards the Missouri river; on reaching it, he took a skiff, descended the river into the Mississippi, and landed on the Illinois side, a short distance below Alton. Being fatigued and hungry, he proceeded to the city, and while there procuring refreshment, a slave-hunter, called Baker, approached him, and pronounced him a runaway, and hurried him into the calaboose, where he remained until the next day, when he was brought before the magistrate, and having no certificate of his freedom, was sent to the county jail of Madison *as the law directs*; and advertised in the county newspaper *as the law directs*; and kept in confinement six months *as the law directs*; and afterwards taken out and sold by the Sheriff from month to month to pay his jail fees, *as the democratic law of Illinois directs.*

Thus the poor slave having been cruelly incarcerated by a miscreant blood-hound, was sold for the first month for $4; for the second for $2.12 and for the third $3, solely to pay for being imprisoned 6 months for the incorrigible sin of daring to be free, even when compelled to it. He would have been sold for the nine remaining consecutive months, had not his health failed. But this being the result of his struggle for freedom, he was unable to pay the county for their unparalleled beneficence in committing him to the gloomy cells of a jail; and finally presented by the Sheriff of the county with a certificate of human rights and feelings.

Transactions of this character, are only worthy a *conclave* of cannibals, yet their recurrence is frequent in the State of Illinois.

Harry, although an aged man, worn out and decrepit, appears to treasure as a diamond of priceless value, *the parchment of human freedom*, for which he paid so great a price; and although poverty-stricken, rejoices in the consciousness of being

"A *man* for a' that."

KLC.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 15, 1846.

Selections.

From the Dublin Nation.

THE WAR IN MEXICO.

35, ECCLES-STREET, 14th November, 1846.

To the Editor of the Nation:

DEAR SIR:—You are a believer in the abstract right of men to resort to physical force for the maintenance of their liberty, if driven to the ultimate necessity of relinquishing their freedom, or resorting to arms for its maintenance. I believe that the history of mankind proves that force was never yet instrumental in establishing true liberty, and that all resort to arms is as much opposed to sound policy as it is to Christian principle. Nevertheless, your avowed principles and convictions being such as they are, you are bound, as a man, and as a public instructor of no mean influence, to carry them out, regardless of all consequences to friend or foe.

I think I can prove that you have failed in this duty; and, if I do so, I doubt not you will admit that you should at once retrace your steps, and adopt a different line of conduct in future. Of course, I do not accuse you of any base motive; I believe you are a man of honour and integrity; but I am at a loss to understand how your clear mental vision has been obscured on the subject to which I shall presently draw your attention.

If we truly love liberty, we must desire to see it in the possession of every member of the human family. If our principles forbid us actively to assist the down-trodden in other lands in their struggles for freedom, we must, at least, sympathize with them in their efforts. We cannot shake hands with the oppressor. Now for the application of my argument.

In your paper of the 14th instant there is an article entitled, "Secret Policy of the American War," which I think adverse to the true principles of liberty, and calculated to impress erroneous feelings on the Irish mind. You justify the aggression of the United States upon Mexico; and it is evident that you would rejoice if the latter were beaten in the conflict. Now, I do not believe that the annals of war reveal anything more deserving of reprobation than this unprincipled attempt of the United States to conquer Mexico. It is an attempt which Irishmen are in an especial manner called on to stigmatize. We have been deprived of our nationality by force and fraud, and we are desirous of reclaiming our plundered rights. Surely, then, we do not deserve to succeed in this object if we extend our sympathies to the oppressor in other countries. It cannot be concealed from the world that the motive of the United States in her present acts of aggression, as well as in her seizure of Texas, is to extend the area of Slavery.

Whatever be the faults of Mexico, she abolished Slavery in her territories; and for this the soul-drivers in the United States hate her with a cordial hatred. This is the true cause of the attempt at spoliation now made on her sovereignty. And are we, the people of Ireland, to sympathize with this act of aggression? Forbid it, justice! Forbid it, Heaven! Do not, I entreat you, my dear Sir, for any fancied advantage we may gain from American sympathy in our efforts to obtain our rights from England, inflict such a wound on the cause of freedom as must follow if you lead the Irish people astray on this question. Place these facts fairly before them. Tell them that the Catholic people of Mexico proclaimed liberty to the captive, and that the Protestant people of the United States are now striving to conquer Mexico, in order to fill that country again with soul-drivers, and with all the unspeakable horrors inseparable from Slavery.

Place this matter, I entreat you, in its true light before our countrymen, and, my life for it, a cry of indignant execration against such villany will soon resound throughout Ireland.

We must make no compromise with Slavery. It is a violation of all the rights of humanity, and of the instincts of our nature. It is a curse alike to the oppressed and the oppressor. It is not possible for a civilized man, who makes any pretension to intellectual refinement, or who professes to be in any degree guided by moral principle, not to know that he commits an outrage against all that is just when he buys and sells, or assumes the right to buy and sell, a human being. Language is powerless to describe the criminality of that practical Infidel calling himself a Christian who does the deed, or who justifies it in another. You have forsworn all sympathy with English Chartists on account of the speculative infidelity of some of their numbers. In my opinion these men are infinitely more respectable, who honestly declare their convictions, however they may differ from you, than those who, under the profession of Christianity, are continually in the practice of crimes that blaspheme the sacred name they unblushingly assume.

In the same number of your paper to which I have referred, you acknowledge the receipt of subscriptions from a number of Irishmen resident in New Orleans. Do you really believe, very dear Sir, that an Irishman with one living spark of the love of liberty in his soul, could bear to live in that city of whips and chains, and human auction-stands, where God, in the person of his immortal creatures, is daily exposed for sale, and knocked down to the highest bidder? The thing is impossible. We are often told that we should make some allowance for those who are brought up from infancy in contact with Slavery; but what excuse can be made for the Irishman who goes deliberately to reside in the centre of the accursed system, and who earns a living either by becoming the purchaser of men, or by hiring their labour of their enslavers? Should we not mourn for our country, that she gave birth to such a man? Oh! sacred liberty! art thou to be thus wounded, and no voice raised in thy defence? Are the enlightened of our country to shake hands with those who attempt to crush out thy heart's blood, and no word to be uttered in thy behalf?

I do not ask you to return the £70 to your slave-holding subscribers; I only beg of you to send them sterling value in return for it. Read them a lesson that will enter their inmost souls, that will awaken their slumbering conscience, that will bring them before the bar of dishonoured humanity, and cause them to repent and make restitution for all the crimes they have committed against their fellow-men, and for their hypocrisy in professing to love liberty in Ireland while they are stabbing its very vitals in America.

O'Connell has shown his countrymen a fine example in relation to this great question of human rights. He refuses to compromise the principles of freedom by any yielding to slaveholders. This is a wise as well as a noble policy; and I entreat of you to use, in the same direction the great influence you now possess on the minds of Irishmen. Let that influence be untainted by the spirit of compromise. Point the eyes of Irishmen to the glorious Temple of Freedom, where nothing that is mean or selfish can find entrance. Let us draw our inspiration thence, and act so that we shall never be ashamed to present ourselves at her portals.

I am, my dear Sir, yours respectfully,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

From the Baltimore Visiter.

"INCENDIARY PAMPHLETS."

The following delectable paragraph made part of a letter from Annapolis, published in the *four-dealing* "Argus," (of course,) over the signature of "H. Stanley:"

"This morning, the members' desks were strewn with certain INCENDIARY pamphlets, sent for distribution amongst the members, by a certain notorious personage of your city, who courted notoriety at the last session of the Legislature, and most likely desires something of the kind this winter. The majority of the members, though, I presume, do not deem him worthy of a moment's notice! The document treats upon the question of Slavery in Maryland, and is abolition in principle."

Now this wiseacre has guessed well in his presumption. But there need be no mystery as to the source of these "incendiary pamphlets," so called! They were sent to our order, through the United States mail. Viewing the members of that Legislature as representatives in a general as well as a local sense, and ourself as one of the constituents of each of them, we have a right to petition them on any and every topic of interest, provided we do it respectfully. In sending them our "Virginian" correspondent's able review of Carey on "Slavery in Maryland," (for that is the "pamphlet" about which this pimp of tyranny is making all this insolently gratuitous *to-do!*") we designed it as a *petition* to do something for the removal of the curse of curses upon our soil and people. This was our *right*; and all the members, except two, (Dr. John H. Patterson, of Alleghany, and some one who sneakingly tore off the address,) appear so to understand it.

As to the ignorance-born sneers of this "Stanley"—they may pass for what they are worth in the estimation of sensible readers! We would say to him—

"ON! Stanley—on!"

You only help to spread the truth, and create a sense of right which shall eventually overwhelm you and those you serve, while sustaining us in our sincere though humble efforts for the promotion of Maryland's highest good.

We find this excellent Catechism in the Tribune. Let nobody fail to read it because of its length. Lecturing agents should carry it in their pockets. It is decidedly the best thing that has appeared on the Mexican War:

CATECHISM OF THE MEXICAN WAR:

Showing the Sentiments of leading Locofocos on the subject, both Before and Since the Nomination of James K. Polk; Proved by Extracts from their Speeches and Written Communications.

COMPILED BY A FARMER.

QUESTION. Has Mexico been guilty of pursuing a system of insult and spoliation towards our citizens?

ANSWER. "Scarcely had Mexico achieved her independence, which the United States were the first among the nations to acknowledge, when she commenced the system of insult and spoliation, which she has ever since pursued. Our citizens engaged in lawful commerce were imprisoned, their vessels seized, and our flag insulted in her ports."—*Polk's late Annual Message.*

Q. In the meantime, have citizens of the United States been guilty of any spoliations on Mexico?

A. "Nothing is either more true or more extensively known, than that Texas was wrested from Mexico, and her independence established through the instrumentality of citizens of the United States. Equally true is it that this was done not only against the wishes, but in direct contravention of the best efforts of our Government to prevent our citizens from engaging in the enterprise."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter to Mr. Hammet, April* 20, 1844.

Q. If our Government, with Gen. Jackson at its head, could not prevent our citizens from wresting Texas from Mexico, is it probable the Mexican Government was in a condition to prevent its citizens from committing spoliations on citizens of the United States?

A. "But Mexico was a sister Republic, on the North American continent, occupying a territory contiguous to our own, and was in a *feeble* and *distracted condition*; and these considerations, it is presumed, induced Congress to forbear still longer."—*Polk's late Annual Message.*

Q. Has Mexico admitted she has injured citizens of the United States?

A. "Mexico has admitted these injuries, but has neglected and refused to repair them."—*Polk's Annual Message*, 1845.

Q. How has she talked about them?

A. "The reply of the Mexican Government bears date on the twenty-ninth of the same month, and contains assurances of the 'anxious wish' of the Mexican Government 'not to delay the moment of that final and equitable adjustment which is to terminate the existing difficulties between the two Governments;' that 'nothing should be left undone which may contribute to the most speedy and equitable determination of the subjects which have so seriously engaged the attention of the American Government;' that the 'Mexican Government would adopt, as the only guides for its conduct, the plainest principles of public right, the sacred obligations imposed by international law, and the religious faith of treaties;' and that 'whatever reason and justice may dictate respecting each case will be done.'"—*Polk's late Annual Message.*

Q. Though for some time delayed, were not her difficulties with us settled by treaty in 1839?

A. "A special agent was sent to Mexico in the summer of 1838, with full authority to make another and final demand for redress. The demand was made; the Mexican Government promised to repair the wrongs of which we complained; and after much delay, a treaty of indemnity with that view was concluded between the two powers on the eleventh of April, 1839, and was duly ratified by both Governments. By this treaty a joint commission was created to adjudicate and decide on the claims of American citizens on the Government of Mexico. The commission was organized at Washington, on the twenty-fifth day of August, 1840.—The time was limited to eighteen months; at the expiration of which time they had adjudicated and decided claims amounting to two millions twenty-six thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, in favour of citizens of the United States against the Mexican Government, leaving a large amount of claims undecided."—*Polk's Annual Messsage*, 1845.

Q. Why were not *all* the claims decided at that time?

A. In the month of February, 1842, the term of the Commission expired, leaving many claims undisposed of *for want of time.*"—*Polk's late Annual Message.*

Q. Did Mexico do anything more, relative to the claims which were left undecided?

A. "The claims which were left undecided by the joint Commission, amounting to more than $3,000,000, together with other claims for spoliations on the property of our citizens, were subsequently presented to the Mexican Government for payment, and were so far recognized, that a treaty, providing for their examination and settlement by a joint Commission, was concluded and signed at Mexico, on the twentieth day of November, 1843."—*Polk's Annual Message*, 1845.

Q. Was the amount which the joint Commission decided to be due to American citizens, paid by Mexico?

A. "The sum of two millions twenty-six thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and sixty-eight cents, decided by the board, was a liquidated and ascertained debt due by Mexico to the claimants, and there was no justifiable reason for delaying its payment according to the terms of the treaty. It has not, however, been paid."—*Polk's Annual Message*, 1845.

Q. What *was* the reason it was not paid? And why was it, by the terms of the next treaty, to be paid in instalments?

A. "The Minister of the United States at Mexico has been duly authorized to make demand for the payment of the awards according to the terms of the Convention, and the provisions of the Act of Congress of the twelfth of June, 1840. * * * He has also been furnished with *other* instructions, to be followed by him in case the Government of Mexico should not find itself in a *condition to make present payment.*"—*President Tyler's Annual Message, December*, 1842.

Q. What new arrangement was made?

A. "Mexico applied for farther indulgence; and, in that spirit of liberality and forbearance which has ever marked the policy of the United States toward that republic, she request was granted; and, on the thirtieth of January, 1843, a new treaty was concluded. By this treaty it was provided, that the interest due on the awards in favour of the claimants, under the Convention of the eleventh of April, 1839, should be paid on the thirtieth of April, 1843; and that "the principal of the said awards, and the interest arising thereon, shall be paid in five years, in equal instalments every three months; the said term of five years to commence on the thirtieth day of April, 1843, as aforesaid."—*Polk's Annual Message*, 1845.

Q, Did Mexico pay any money to the United States, according to this agreement?

A. "The instalments on the claims recently settled by the Convention with Mexico have been *punctually* paid as they have fallen due, and our Minister is engaged in urging the establishment of a new Commission in pursuance of the Convention for the settlement of unadjusted claims."—*President Tyler's Annual Message, December*, 1843, *in which he takes ground in favour of Texas and against Mexico.*

Q. Did not Mexico pay according to her agreement, till a determination was shown by our Government to annex Texas to the United States?

A. "The interest due on the thirtieth day of April, 1843, and the first three of twenty instalments have been paid."—*Polk's Annual Message*, 1845.

"On the *twelfth of April*, 1844, and after more than seven years had elapsed since Texas had established her independence, a treaty was concluded for the annexation of that Republic to the United States, which was rejected by the Senate."—*Polk's Message*, 1846.

Q. What is said about the instalment due the thirtieth day of April, and the one due in July, 1844?

A. "The two instalments due in April and July, 1844, under the peculiar circumstances connected with them, have been assumed by the United States, and discharged to the claimants; but they are still due by Mexico"—*Polk's Message*, 1846.

Q. What were those "peculiar circumstances connected with them?

A. "Congress appropriated, at the last session, the sum of $275,000 for the payment of the April and July instalments of the Mexican indemnities for the year 1844: 'Provided it shall be ascertained to the satisfaction of the American Government that said instalments have been paid by the Mexican Government to the agent appointed by the United States to receive the same, in such manner as to discharge all claims on the Mexican Government, and said agent to be delinquent in remitting the money to the United States.'

"The unsettled state of our relations with Mexico has involved this subject in much mystery. The first information, in an authentic form, from the agent of the United States, appointed under the administration of my predecessor, was received at the State Department on the ninth of November, last.—This is contained in a letter, dated the seventeenth of October, addressed by him to one of our citizens then in Mexico, with the view of having it communicated to that Department. From this it appears that the agent, on the twentieth of September, 1844, gave a receipt to the Treasury of Mexico, for the amount of the April and July instalments of the indemnity. In the same communication, however, he asserts that he had not received a single dollar in cash; but that he holds such securities as warranted him at the time in giving the receipt, and entertains no doubt but that he will eventually obtain the money."—*Polk's Annual Message*, 1845.

Q. Have the United States, after assuming the obligation to pay for spoliations committed on our citizens, been more punctual than Mexico in making such payment? And did not James K. Polk (the same James K. Polk who complains so much of Mexico) veto a bill after it had passed both houses of Congress at its last session, making an appropriation of $5,000,000 to pay for spoliations which occurred about half a century ago?

A. "I return to the Senate, in which it originated, the bill entitled, 'An Act to provide for the Ascertainment and Satisfaction of Claims of American citizens for spoliations committed by the French, prior to the thirty-first day of July, one thousand eight hundred and one,' which was presented to me on the sixth instant, with my objections to its becoming a law."—*Polk's Veto Message, August* 8, 1846.

"A portion of the claims have been more than half a century before the Government, in its Executive or Legislative departments, and all of them had their origin in events which occurred prior to the year 1800."—*Same Veto Message.*

Q. Does not our "Treaty of Limits" with Mexico entirely exclude Texas from the United States, and leave it to Mexico?

A. "Art. 2. The boundary line between the two countries west of the Mississippi shall begin on the Gulf of Mexico, at the mouth of the river Sabine, in the sea, continuing north along the western bank of that river to the thirty-second degree of latitude; thence, by a line due north, to the degree of latitude where it strikes the Rio Roxo of Natchitoches, or Red River; then following the course of the Rio Roxo westward to the degree of longitude one-hundred west from London, and twenty-three from Washington; then crossing the said Red River and running thence by a line due north to the River Arkansas; thence, following the course of the southern bank of the Arkansas, to its source, in latitude forty-two north; and thence, by that parallel of latitude, to the South Sea; the whole being as laid down in Melish's map of the United States, published at Philadelphia, improved to the first of January, 1818."—*Treaty with Mexico, January* 12, 1828.

Q. Has not our Government, since it recognized the independence of Texas, given "solemn assurances" that it would not violate its treaty with Mexico by annexing Texas to the United States?

A. "The United States are bound to Mexico by a treaty of amity and commerce, which will be scrupulously observed on their part so long as it can be reasonably hoped that Mexico will perform her duties and respect our rights under it."—*Answer of Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State of the United States, to the Texan Minister, as quoted by Mr. Van Buren in his letter to Mr. Hammet.*

Q. Did he then go on to tell the Texan Minister (Gen. Hunt) that the subject would be reserved for future consideration, so that Texas might, at some future time, be annexed to the United States?

A. "The United States might justly be suspected of a disregard of the friendly purposes of the compact, if the overture of Gen. Hunt were to be *even reserved for future consideration*, as this would imply a disposition on our part to espouse the quarrel of Texas with Mexico—a disposition wholly at variance with the spirit of the treaty, and with the uniform policy and obvious welfare of the United States."—*Mr. Forsyth's answer to Gen. Hunt.*

Q. Did Henry Clay foretell war would be the consequence of annexing Texas to the United States?

A. "Annexation and war with Mexico are identical. Now, for one, I certainly am not willing to involve this country in a foreign war for the object of acquiring Texas."—*Mr. Clay's Letter to the Editors of the National Intelligencer, April* 17, 1844.

Q. Did Martin Van Buren, late President of the United States, agree in sentiment with Mr. Clay on this subject?

A. "The question then recurs, if, as sensible men, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that the immediate annexation of Texas would, in all human probability, draw after it a war with Mexico, can it be expedient to attempt it."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter to W. H. Hammet, Member of Congress from Mississippi, April* 20, 1844.

Q. What was Mr. Van Buren's opinion of the character of war brought on by annexing Texas?

A. "Could we hope to stand perfectly justified in the eyes of mankind for entering into it; more especially if its commencement is to be preceded by the appropriation to our own uses of the territory, the sovereignty of which is in dispute between two nations, one of which we are to join in the struggle? This, Sir, is a matter of the very gravest import—one in respect to which no American statesman or citizen can possibly be indifferent. We have a character among the nations of the earth to maintain. All our public functionaries, as well those who advocate this measure as those who oppose it, however much they may differ as to its effects, will, I am sure, be equally solicitous for the performance of this first of duties."—*Letter to Mr. Hammet.*

Q. Was there, during Mr. Van Buren's administration, an application made to annex Texas to the United States?

A. "In August, 1837, a proposition was received at the Department of State, from the Texan Minister at Washington, proposing a negotiation for the annexation of Texas to the United States."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter to Mr. Hammet.*

Q. Was the subject carefully examined, and maturely considered, before an answer was given to the Texan Minister?

A. "The history of the Texan Revolution, and the then condition of that Republic, as well as the probable advantages to result to both from the proposed annexation, were placed before us in an elaborate and able communication. It can scarcely be necessary to say that the application was considered with that attention and care which were due to so grave a proposition, and under the full influence of feelings of sincere solicitude for the prosperity and permanent welfare of a young and neighbouring State, whose independence we had been the first to acknowledge—feelings which constitute, and I sincerely hope ever will constitute, the prevailing sentiment of the people of the United States."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter, referred to above.*

Q. Did Mr. Van Buren consult his Cabinet on the subject?

A. "In coming to the decision which it became my duty to make, I was aided, in addition to the other members of my Cabinet, by the counsel and constitutional advice of two distinguished citizens of your own section of the Union, of the first order of intellect, great experience in public affairs, and whose devotion to their own, as well as every other section of the Union, was above all question."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter.*

Q. What was the result?

A. "The result of our united opinions was announced to the Texan Minister, (Gen. Hunt,) in a communication from the late Mr. Forsyth, the substance of which I cannot better express than by incorporating one or two brief extracts from it in this letter. Upon the general subject, my own views, as well as those of my Cabinet, were thus stated:

'So long as Texas shall remain at war, while the United States are at peace with her adversary, the proposition of the Texan Minister Plenipotentiary necessarily involves the question of war with that adversary. The United States are bound to Mexico by a treaty of amity and commerce, which will be scrupulously observed on their part so long as it can be reasonably hoped that Mexico will perform her duties and respect our rights under it. The United States might justly be suspected of a disregard of the friendly purposes of the compact, if the overture of General Hunt were to be even reserved for future consideration, as this would imply a disposition on our part to espouse the quarrel of Texas with Mexico—a disposition wholly at variance with the spirit of the treaty, and with the uniform policy and the obvious welfare of the United States.

"'The inducements mentioned by General Hunt for the United States to annex Texas to their territory are duly appreciated; but powerful and weighty as certainly they are, they are light when opposed in the scale of reason to treaty obligations, and respect for that integrity of character by which the United States have sought to distinguish themselves since the establishment of their right to claim a place in the great family of nations.'"—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter.*

Q. Did the people of the United States approve of the answer given to the Texan Minister?

A. "That these views were not altogether satisfactory to General Hunt, nor probably to his Government, has been seen. But I think I may safely say that seldom, if ever, has the decision, by this Government, of a question of equal magnitude, been more decidedly or more unanimously approved by the people of the United States. The correspondence was, very soon after it took place, communicated to Congress, and although the public mind was at the time in a state of the highest excitement and the administration daily assailed through every avenue by which it was deemed approachable, I am yet to see the first sentence of complaint upon that point, in any quarter of this Union. Even a resolution offered in the Senate, declaring Annexation, 'whenever it could be effected *consistently with the public faith and treaty stipulations of the United States*, desirable,' was ordered to be laid upon the table; and a similar disposition was made in the House of the papers upon this subject, which had been referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and that Committee discharged from the farther consideration of the matter, upon its own application."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter.*

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Q. Did the recognition of Texas as an independent State give us a right to interfere in her difficulties with Mexico, or to annex her to the United States?

A. "The recognition of Texas as an independent State, was a measure which received, in various and appropriate forms, the sanction of every department of the Government, whose co-operation was necessary to its validity, and had my hearty concurrence. From this act of our Government, just and proper in all respects as it was, an inference has, however been drawn, and brought to bear upon the present question, not only very far beyond its real bearing, but by which its true character is entirely reversed. Many persons who enter upon the consideration of the subject with the purest intentions, and are incapable of knowingly giving a false interpretation to anything connected with it, take it for granted that the United States, in recognizing the independence of Texas, declared to the world, not only that she was independent *in fact*, but also that she was such *of right*. Acting upon this erroneous construction, they very naturally conclude that, having gone thus far, having examined into, and passed not only upon the existence of her independence, but also upon her right to its enjoyment, it is now, (and more especially after the lapse of several years,) too late to hesitate upon the question of Annexation on the ground of any existing controversy upon those points.

"The fallacy of this reasoning will be apparent when it is considered that the usage of nations to acknowledge the Government, *de facto*, of every country was established for the express purpose of avoiding all inquiry into, or the expression of any opinion upon, the question of *right* between the contending parties. They acknowledge no other power in any country than that which is in fact supreme. They cannot inquire beyond that point without interfering with the internal concerns of other nations—a practice which all disclaim, and a disclaimer which it has been our invariable usage, not only to make, but to enforce with scrupulous fidelity. * * * In respect to all beyond this, the laws and usages of nations require the observance of a strict neutrality between the contending parties as long as the war lasts. * * * * But nothing can be farther from giving to the act of recognition its true character, than to suppose that it has the slightest bearing upon the rights of the parties; it being, as I have already said, resorted to for the express purpose of avoiding any such construction. Such is not only the law and usage of nations, but such also have been the reiterated avowals of our own Government."—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter.*

Q. Does Mr. Van Buren prove the truth of his assertions by showing that our Government had heretofore acknowledged, and acted on these principles, when it recognized the independence of the Spanish American States?

A. "I do not remember that the recognition of Texan independence gave rise to any correspondence between Mexico and our Government; and if it did, I have not the means of stating its character. But, the principles upon which all such acts are based, were fully set forth by this Government upon the occasion of the recognition of the independence of the Spanish American States.

"In the message of President Monroe to the House of Representatives, suggesting the propriety of that recognition, it was expressly declared that, in proposing this measure, it was 'not contemplated to change thereby, in the slightest manner, our friendly relations with either of the parties; but to observe in all respects, as heretofore, should the war be continued, the most perfect neutrality between them.' The Committee on Foreign Affairs, in their elaborate report upon the subject, says: 'Our recognition must necessarily be co-existent only with the fact on which it is founded, and cannot survive it. While the nations of South America are actually independent, it is simply to speak the truth to acknowledge them to be so. *Should Spain, contrary to her avowed principle and acknowledged interest, renew the war for the conquest of South America, we shall, indeed, regret it; but we shall observe, as we have done between the independent parties, an honest and impartial neutrality.*' The Secretary of State, in defence of the act of recognition, said to the Spanish Minister—'This recognition is neither intended to invalidate any right of Spain, *nor to affect the employment of any means which she may yet be disposed or enabled to use, with the view of re-uniting those provinces to the rest of her dominions.*'"—*Mr. Van Buren's Letter.*

Q. Were these avowals in conformity to the Law of Nations?

A. "That these avowals were in strict conformity to the true principles of the Law of Nations, there can be no doubt. They were, at all events, those which this Government has solemnly announced as its rule of action in regard to contests between rival parties for the supreme power in foreign States. That the admission of Texas as a member of this Confederacy, while the contest for the maintenance of the independence she had acquired was still pending, and a consequent assumption of the responsibility of protecting her against invasion, would have been a plain departure from the laws and usages of nations, and the violation of principles to which we had avowed our adherence in the face of the world, was too clear to be doubted."—*Mr. V. B.'s Letter.*

Q. When the letter of Mr. Van Buren, from which the foregoing extracts are taken, was published, did the leaders of the Locofoco party in this State approve its doctrines, or did they, from that time, drop him as a candidate for the Presidency?

A. "The entire New-York delegation to the Baltimore Convention voted for him no less than eight times. On balloting the ninth time, thirty-five of the thirty-six delegates voted for James K. Polk, who was nominated by the Convention." [*See proceedings of the Baltimore Convention, as published in June*, 1844.

Q. When did the same Locofoco leaders conclude to violate the Law of Nations by annexing Texas to the United States?

A. Resolved, That our title to the whole of the territory of Oregon is clear and unquestionable; that no portion of the same ought to be ceded to England or any other power; and the re-occupation of Oregon, and the *re-annexation of Texas*, at the earliest practicable period, are great American measures, which this Convention recommends to the cordial support of the democracy of the Union."—*Resolution passed by the Baltimore Convention after the nomination of James K. Polk.*

Q. What does President Polk say about the annexation of Texas to the United States?

A. "The annexation of Texas to the United States constitutes no just cause of offence to Mexico."—*Polk's Annual Message, Dec.* 8, 1846.

Q. According to Polk's statement, how did the war with Mexico begin?

A. "But now, after reiterated menaces, Mexico has passed the boundary of the United States, has invaded our territory, and shed American blood upon American soil."—*Polk's War Message, May* 11, 1846.

Q. What does he call the boundary of the United States?

A. "The jurisdiction of the United States, which on the formation of the Federal Constitution, was bounded by the St. Mary's on the Atlantic, has passed the capes of Florida, and been peacefully extended to the Del Norte."—*Polk's Annual Message, December* 2, 1845,

Q. Was the claim of the United States to the Del Norte, or as it is more commonly called, the Rio Grande, as a boundary, founded on the claim of Texas?

A. "The Republic of Texas always claimed this river as her western boundary, and in her treaty made with Santa Anna, in May, 1836, he recognized it as such. By the Constitution which Texas adopted in March, 1836, Senatorial and Representative districts were organized, extending west of the Neuces. The Congress of Texas, on the 19th of December, 1836, passed 'An act to define the boundaries of the Republic of Texas,' in which they declared the Rio Grande from its mouth to its source to be their boundary, and by the said act they extended their 'civil and political jur

Q. "Does this boundary, as claimed by the Republic of Texas, cut off a part of Mexico over which Texas has never exercised any jurisdiction whatever?

A. "With respect to Texas, her destiny is fixed. Of course, I, who consider what I am about, always speak of Texas as constituted at the time of the treaty of 1819, and not as constituted by the Republic of Texas, comprehending the capital and forty towns and villages of New Mexico! now and always as fully under the dominion of the Republic of Mexico as Quebec and all the towns and villages of Canada are under the dominion of Great Britain!"—*Letter of Col. Thomas H. Benton, Locofoco United States Senator from Missouri, to the members of the Texan Congress, April* 30, 1844

"I wash my hands of all attempts to *dismember the Mexican Republic, by seizing her dominions in New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Tamaulipas.* The treaty, IN ALL THAT RELATES TO THE BOUNDARY OF THE RIO GRANDE, IS AN ACT OF UNPARALLELED OUTRAGE ON MEXICO. IT IS THE SEIZURE OF TWO THOUSAND MILES OF HER TERRITORY, without a word of explanation with her, and by virtue of a treaty with Texas to which she is no party. Our Secretary of State, in his letter to the United States Chargé in Mexico, and seven days after the treaty was signed, and after the Mexican Minister had withdrawn from our seat of Government, shows full well that *he was conscious of* THE ENORMITY OF THIS OUTRAGE; knew it was war; and proffered volunteer apologies to avert the consequences which he knew he had provoked."

"I therefore propose, as an additional resolution, applicable to the Rio del Norte boundary only—the one which I will read and send to the Secretary's table, and on which, at the proper time, I shall ask the vote of the Senate. This is the resolution:

"Resolved, *That the incorporation of the left bank of the Rio del Norte into the American Union, by virtue of a treaty with Texas, comprehending, as the said incorporation would do, a part of the Mexican departments of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila and Tamaulipas, would be* AN ACT OF DIRECT AGGRESSION ON MEXICO; for all the consequences of which the United States would stand responsible."—*Col. Benton's Speech on the Tyler Treaty of Annexation, May* 6, 1844.

Q. Notwithstanding President Polk's positive assertion, that "Mexico had passed the boundary of the United States," can it not be proved by his own words, that before Gen. Taylor was ordered to the Rio Grande, he did not consider the boundary of Texas and Mexico to be settled at that river?

A. "With a sincere desire to preserve peace, and restore relations of good understanding between the two Republics, I waived all ceremony as to the manner of renewing diplomatic intercourse between them; and, assuming the initiative, on the tenth of November a distinguished citizen of Louisiana was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico, clothed with *full powers* to adjust, and *definitely settle*, all pending differences between the two countries, including those of *boundary between Mexico and the State of Texas.*"—*Polk's Annual Message, Dec.* 2, 1845.

"On the 10th of November, 1845, Mr. John Slidell, of Louisiana, was commissioned by me as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico, and was entrusted with *full powers* to adjust both the questions of the *Texas boundary* and of indemnification to our citizens."—*Polk's War Message, May* 11, 1846.

Q. Do not dispatches from our Government to Gen. Taylor prove that there were posts and settlements east of the Rio Grande, "over which Texas had not exercised jurisdiction up to the time of annexation"?

A. "The Rio Grande is claimed to be the boundary between the two countries, and up to this boundary you are to extend your protection, only excepting any posts on the eastern side thereof which are in the actual occupancy of Mexican forces, or Mexican settlements over which the Republic of Texas did not exercise jurisdiction at the period of annexation, or shortly before that event."—*Secretary Marcy's Letter to Gen. Taylor, July* 30, 1845.

Q. Was not the country on the left bank of the Rio Grande, to which Gen. Taylor was afterward ordered, occupied by Mexicans, and under the Mexican Government?

A. "Our situation here is an extraordinary one. *Right in the enemy's country, actually occupying their corn and cotton fields, the people of the soil leaving their homes,* and we, with a small handfull of men, marching, with colours flying and drums beating, right under the very guns of one of their principal cities, displaying the star-spangled banner, as if in defiance, under their very nose; and they, with an army twice our size at least, sit quietly down, and make not the least resistance—not the first effort to drive the invaders off. There is no parallel to it."—*Letter from an officer in our Army to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, dated "Camp, opposite Matamoros, April* 19, 1846."

Q. Did the Texans by crossing the Nueces into the Mexican State or Department of Tamaulipas, and making a small settlement in one corner of said Department, at Corpus Christi—by locating at that place a custom-house, holding an election, &c.—did they by these means establish a title to all that part of Tamaulipas which lies east of the Rio Grande, and was in the possession of Mexico?

A. Let any honest supporter of James K. Polk answer.

Q. If the Rio Grande from "its mouth to its source" is the boundary of Texas, and she has, as Polk tells us in his last annual message, extended her "civil and political jurisdiction over the country up to that boundary"—what can he mean in the same message, by adopting the language used by the Secretary of State, the 8th of July, 1842, and telling us in that language, that Texas is "Practically free and independent," no hostile foot finding rest within her territory for six or seven years"—when he well knew a large portion of country east of that river had, ever since the Mexican Revolution, been under the dominion of Mexico; and he even tells us himself in another part of the same message, that, "By rapid movements, the province of New Mexico, with Santa Fé, its capital, has been captured without bloodshed?" Can he be so ignorant as not to know that a large part of that province, "with Santa Fé, its capital," lies east of the Rio Grande?

A. . . . . .

Q. Is it not evident his memory is shorter than his message?

A. . . . . .

Q. Did Mexico "pass the boundary of the United States, and invade our territory?"

A. ☞ Polk says so. ☜

Q. Is he who wages an unjust war accountable for the evils it produces?

A. "Whoever entertains a true idea of war—whoever considers its terrible effects, its destructive and unhappy consequences—will readily agree that it should never be undertaken without the most cogent reasons. Humanity revolts against a sovereign who, without a necessity or without very powerful reasons, lavishes the blood of his most faithful subjects, and exposes his people to the calamities of war, when he has it in his power to maintain them in the enjoyment of an honourable and salutary peace. And if to this imprudence, this want of love for his people, he moreover adds injustice to those he attacks—of how great a crime, or, rather, of how great a series of crimes, does he become guilty! Responsible for all the misfortunes which he draws down on his own subjects, he is, moreover, loaded with the guilt of all those which he inflicts on an innocent nation. The slaughter of men, the pillage of cities, the devastation of provinces—such is the black catalogue of his enormities. He is responsible to God and accountable to human nature for every individual that is killed, for every hut that is burnt down. The violence, the crimes, the disorders of every kind, attendant on the tumult and licentiousness of war, pollute his conscience, and are set down to his account, as he is the original author of them all. Unquestionable truths! alarming ideas! which ought to affect the rulers of nations, and in all their military enterprises inspire them with a degree of circumspection proportioned to the importance of the subject."—*Vattel's Laws of Nations, Book III. Chap.* 3.

CLERICAL INTERPRETATION.—A letter from Virginia to a correspondent of the Boston Courier, is authority for the following:

"One of the customs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is to read the "General Rules" of the "Discipline" to the congregation once a year. On the Sunday in question, the minister preached a very severe sermon against fashion, and display in dress, specifying particularly jewelry, and *most* particularly breast-pins, as utter abominations in the sight of the Lord! He then read the Discipline, which contains this provision, that 'no one who belongs to the Church shall buy or sell men with the intention to enslave them.' This was too plain to pass without an explanation, and the parson stopped to remark that this had reference only to the *African* Slave-Trade, but none at all to the domestic institutions of the present day; *none at all,* (looking up at the gallery of servants,) for as they were already in servitude, they could not be made any more so by exchanging masters!

"This is certainly (says the correspondent) one of the most successful solutions of the scriptural problem about straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, that I have seen. I think it furnishes a satisfactory explanation of the remark of Frederick Douglass, that next to being a slave at all, the greatest curse is to be the slave of a 'religious' master."

From the Watchman of the Valley.

THE RIPLEY CHURCH.

It is known to our readers that the Presbyterian Church has come out from the Synod of Cincinnati. These are their reasons:

It is well known that we have declined holding connection with the Synod of Cincinnati; consequently, it is due to our brethren and to the world that we state our reasons:

1st. It was not owing to our want of attachment to the members of the Synod. There are but few of them with whom we should not delight to hold connection and fellowship, but the position of the Synod in its manifest determination to adhere to a slaveholding body, in its resolutions of censure upon us, impelled us to assume our present attitude.

2d. We deem the action of the Synod unconstitutional in its manner of proceeding against us.

3d. Because the Synod manifested by its action in our case an unwillingness that we should remain in peace with it, without holding connection with a slaveholding body.

4th. Because the Synod was not willing that we should make any arrangements to leave the New School body, while we remained under its jurisdiction. But for this action of the Synod, we would have remained with it until after the next meeting of the Assembly, to see if that body would not take such actions as would render separation unnecessary. And if that body will purge itself from the sin of slaveholding, we are willing to renew our connection with the Synod, and heartily co-operate with it in every good work.

But fearing the Assembly will not take such action as will purge the church of slaveholding, we again invite our brethren who sympathize with us in behalf of the oppressed poor, to meet with us in Cincinnati, the fourth Tuesday of May next, to consult on the propriety of organizing an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian church.

We are fully satisfied with our present Confession of Faith, and form of government, and wish an organization strictly Presbyterian, and desire no other alteration than the addition of an article on the subject of Slavery, and the assumption of a distinctive name.

JOHN RANKIN,
DANIEL GILMER,
A. L. RANKIN,
J. R. GIBSON,
J. P. HILLS,
W. G. KEPHAR,
S. G. W. J. RANKIN,
J. SMITH POAGE.

We wish there were more churches really filled with Disciples like this, which bears such testimony against the national sin. We find this document in the Christian World:

We the undersigned, members of the "Church of the Disciples," or religiously connected therewith, wish by a solemn declaration to free ourselves as far as possible from the responsibility of the war of invasion now waged by the United States against Mexico.

We take this step because we believe this war to be unjust and inhuman, and to be carried on from the lust of territory, and for the extension of Slavery, because the attitude of silence in which this country stands before the nations with regard to this war is one of approval, and because thus our influence and character, individually and collectively, as Americans and Christians, goes to strengthen a scheme of oppression and blood.

We therefore, as far as by this public act we can, absolve ourselves, before God and the Christian world, of all participation in, or approval of, this deed of violence; and we protest, in the name of humanity and religion, against the existence and continuance of this war, as dishonourable to our name and race, as the forfeiture of our mission as a people, and as one of the great crimes of modern history.

James Freeman Clarke,	Sarah Parks,
Wm. F. Channing,	Abba L. Foster,
Sam'l Cabot,	H. P. Nichols,
James T. Fisher,	Caroline Rogers,
T. Wentworth Higginson,	Ellis Gray Loring,
Wm. F. Weld,	Louisa Loring,
Isabella M. Weld,	Anna Loring,
Barbara H. Channing,	Caroline A. Rogers,
A. M. B. Fisher,	Isabel A. Rogers,
Nath'l Peabody,	Lucia H. Simmons,
Mary F. Allen,	Elizabeth B. Ripley,
Sarah A. Allen,	Olivia Bowditch,
Benj. H. Greene,	John Dickinson,
Elizabeth C. Greene,	Harriet Parker,
Harriet D. Williams,	Henry Williams,
Martha W. Dickinson,	Julia West Williams,
Jonathan F. Locke,	Nathaniel Clark,
Lucy Osgood,	Elizabeth F. Owen,
Mary Ann Wallcut,	H. G. Danforth,
Robert F. Wallcut,	Eliza M. Brown,
Samuel E. Brackett,	J. W. Stearns,
Caroline S. Brackett,	L. L. Jenkins,
Mary Hearsey,	Domingo De Castro,
Sarah Clarke,	Wm. I. Bowditch,
George P. Carter,	Sarah R. Bowditch,
E. C. Carter,	Robert Morris, Jr.
Mary A. Eaton,	Edward F. Head,
Lucy Goddard,	Nath'l C. Peabody,
Eliza P. Place,	Lydia Adams,
Cordelia C. Colman,	Wm. Murray,
Sam'l Cabot, Jr.	Wm. H. White,
Nath. G. Chapin,	G. Jenkins,
H. Louisa Chapin,	Benj. Rogers,
G. E. Butler,	E. P. Channing,
Rich'd R. Noyes,	Edward H. Clarke,
E. Channing,	Sam'l S. Curtis,
Geo. J. Fisher,	Wm. S. Eaton,
Rebecca P. Clarke,	A. E. Kimball,
Benj. P. Winslow,	Anna Quincy Parsons,
Judith R. S. Howe,	Eliza J. Hearsey,
Geo. Howe,	Cecilia T. Parsons,
E. Carter,	Mary Bullard,
Grace H. Austin,	Caroline Champney,
A. R. Proctor,	E. W. Champney,
Cornelius Bramhall,	Maria C. Carter,
Ann R. Bramhall,	Sarah Buss,
Anna Q. T. Parsons,	Estes Howe,
M. B. Lyman,	James L. Goodridge,
B. F Remick,	Mary A. B. L. Whiting,
Francis E. Storer,	Elizabeth S. Wells,
Geo. Wm. Bond,	Edward Winslow,
Louisa C. Bond,	Mary M. A. Locke,
Anna H. Clarke,	Samuel Hall, Jr.
Henry James Prentiss,	Harriet B. Hall,
John Goss,	Sarah Sawer,
John Albion Andrew,	Jacob P. Whitwell,
N. Alfreda Andrew,	Charles D. Head,
Geo. F. Bemis,	Paul Curtis,
Luther Parks, Jr.	Sarah M. Gale,
B. F. Horn,	Elizabeth Federhen,
Lucy Horn,	Helen M. Parsons,
J. L. Baker,	Daniel Merrill,
G. M. Dowe,	Susan Richards,
Mary E. Channing,	Charles Ewer,
Luther Parks,	Wm. G. Dav

GEORGE KIRK.

The New-York Legal Observer, for January, contains a full report of the case of George Kirk, together with a report—corrected, we understand, by himself—of Mr. Jay's speech. The latter we shall publish next week. We now copy the return of Captain Buckley to the writ of *habeas corpus.* It was read in court in the peculiar conventicle twang which suited it, by J. Bowditch Blunt, a self-constituted Attorney General for slaveholders in the State of New-York:

I, Theodore Buckley, master of the brig Mobile, do return to the annexed writ of habeas corpus, that a coloured man calling himself *George*, the person now present, at the time of the service of said writ was under my restraint, and that I claim to hold him under my restraint, as a fugitive from service in the State of Georgia, under and by virtue of the laws of which State he is held to labour and service as the slave of Charles Chapman, of Bryan county, in said State of Georgia.

And I do further return, that said George covertly and *privately, against my knowledge and consent, with a view to effect his escape from the service to which he was lawfully held, under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Georgia, secreted and concealed himself on board of the brig Mobile, of which I am master, while lying at the port of Savannah, in the said State of Georgia; that said vessel sailed from said port on the thirteenth of October instant, for the port of New-York, without any knowledge on my part of the concealment on board said vessel, of said George; that while on the high seas, on her said passage, in latitude* 34 *degress* 10 *minutes north, longitude* 75 *degrees west,* the said vessel being at the time without the jurisdiction of the State of Georgia, to wit, on the fifteenth day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, the said George was found concealed in the fore steerage of said vessel, covered with a sail; and, on being questioned, admitted that he was the slave of the aforenamed Charles Chapman, and that he had secreted himself on board said vessel with a view to effect his escape from the service to which he was lawfully held, under and by virtue of the laws of said State of Georgia, as the slave of said Charles Chapman.

I do further return, that the State of Georgia is an independent and sovereign State, having full power and authority to govern and regulate all matters of internal social polity of said State, not by the terms or spirit of the Federal Compact surrendered to the Government of the United States; that, for more than one hundred and fifty years past, the said State of Georgia, as a colony of Great Britain, and in connection with her sister colonies, by her declaration of independence as a sovereign State, has continually, and without interruption, held and possessed a certain internal domestic institution called Slavery; that the existence of such institution has been from time to time, by competent authority, recognized as a right, reserved and secured to said State, and within the spirit, meaning, and guaranties of the same Federal Compact; that the same institution was authorized and provided for by the laws of Great Britain, whereof the first settlers and the colonists of said Georgia were, and always continued to be loyal subjects, until the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six, when the said colonists, by an overt act, declared themselves to be, in common with the inhabitants of divers other colonies and provinces, free and independent of the said Government of Great Britain; that the said colonists did not, in consequence of said Declaration of Independence, in fact or design, remit or relinquish their right to regulate and govern their own internal affairs and social polity; but, on the contrary, did thereby design and intend more fully and freely, to assert and maintain said rights.

That in and by the said institution so held, possessed, and enjoyed by the said State by long usage and of right, and under the paramount law of the land—that is to say, under the Constitution and laws of the United States—certain persons, of whom the said George is one, have been and are held to labour and service within the said State of Georgia, and are held and owned as property, and protected and guarded by the law of said State, and the happiness and well-being of said persons are secured by said laws.

That, nevertheless, for many years last past, divers malicious and evil-disposed persons, residents of other States, regardless of the laws of the land, and treating with contempt the constitutional and rightful exponents of said laws, have assailed said institution, and have sought by fraud, violence, and other devices known to the wicked, wrongfully and seditiously to cause insurrections among those persons, and thereby to cause the citizens of said State of Georgia to be exposed to robbery, assassination, and general anarchy; and although these evil designs and attempts have hitherto been hindered and checked by the firmness and loyalty of the National Government of the United States, yet the said evil-disposed persons have organized, and in many cases have executed a system of robbery; and, in disregard of the Word of God denouncing such doings, have feloniously abducted and carried away, and encouraged the escape of divers such persons from the possession of their lawful owners. That the said State of Georgia, in discharge of its political duty as a Government of and for the people of said State, has, under the Constitution of the United States, from time to time, passed and enacted various laws, to the end that the people of said State should be protected against the wicked acts and designs of such evil disposed persons, and that the property of the good people of said State should be protected and preserved to the said citizens under the law of the land, and in and by which said laws it is, among other things, enacted as follows:

§ 24. "It shall and may be lawful for every person to take, apprehend, and secure any runaway or fugitive slave; and they are hereby directed and required, within forty-eight hours after such taking, apprehending, and securing, (otherwise such person to be construed and taken as a harbourer of such runaway or fugitive slave,) to send such slave, if convenient, to the master or other person having the care and government of such slave, if the person taking up such slave knows, or can, without difficulty, be informed, to whom such slave belongs."

§ 34. "If any person shall conceal, harbour, hide, or cause to be concealed, harboured, or hidden, any slave or slaves, to the injury of the owner or owners thereof, such persons so offending shall, on conviction, be sentenced to be imprisoned in the penitentiary, at hard labour, for any period of time not exceeding two years. Provided, nevertheless, that on the trial for this offence, the person charged with it shall be acquitted if he or she had an apparent well-founded claim to the slave or slaves so harboured and concealed; and on every conviction for concealing or harbouring a slave or slaves, the owner or owners of such slave or slaves may recover damages by civil suit for the loss of the labour or services of such slave or slaves, notwithstanding the said conviction."

§ 35. "If any person shall remove and carry or cause to be removed and carried away out of this State, any slave or slaves, or out of the county where such slave or slaves may be, without consent of the owner or owners of said slave or slaves, any person so offending shall, on conviction, be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the penitentiary, at hard labour, for any period of time not exceeding seven years."

I do further return, that Charles Chapman, of Bryan county, State of Georgia, is interested in the detention of said George.

THEODORE BUCKLEY.

Sworn in open court, this 23*d day of October,* 1846.
HENRY VANDERVOORT, *Clerk of Oyer and Terminer.*
J. Bowditch Blunt, of Counsel.

CONGRESS.

We gave last week extracts from several speeches in the debate which followed the proposition of Mr. King. That of Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, was omitted for want of room. We publish it now, as Mr. T. is a Whig, and as a proof that the Southern members of that party know no other interest than that of Slavery when that is in jeopardy:

* * * * * *

And this brought him to speak for a few minutes of the proposition introduced by the gentleman from New-York, (Mr. Preston King.) Mr. T. did not feel that degree of excitement on this subject which appeared to influence his Southern friends. He was prepared to meet the crisis when it should come. His own course and that of the people of the South were fixed and determined. There was no difference of opinion there; and he felt that when united they had nothing to fear from any quarter. Mr. T. had seen nothing since he had had the honour of a seat on the floor of Congress, so well calculated to disturb the peace of the country as the bill attempted to be introduced by the gentleman from New-York. Had he not known that the gentleman had introduced it, he would have supposed that it might have been the work of some desperate political gamester, the web of whose power was crumbling under his feet; in whose ears the triumphant shouts of his victorious foes were yet ringing; whose friends were treacherously undermining him; and who, being determined to make one last desperate struggle for lost power, was endeavouring to recruit his broken columns from the ranks of a desperate fanatical faction, whom, in the day of his power and prosperity, he had scorned and despised; in short, one who had determined to fire the temple of liberty, if he was not allowed to minister at its altar. But, as the gentleman from New-York fathered the bill, he supposed he must dismiss from his mind these suppositions. At all events, the question had come, and Mr. T. was not certain that it had come inopportunely, if it must come at all, though he believed that the Executive and his organist, and his echoes here, might think it a very bad time. If the question was to breed mischief to the peace and safety of the country, it were better to understand it now, while it was capable of control. But if this element of discord and discontent was to take a different direction, it only remained that those against whom it was to be directed should look, first to the preservation of the Union, and next to their own rights.

Mr. T. was actuated in this matter by no intemperate zeal. He should indulge in no denunciations against gentlemen who were situated amidst circumstances wholly different from his own, and who clung to what they believed, however erroneously, to be the interest of those territories to which the bill related. He pretended to no such sort of philanthropy. He did not much believe in this diffusive patriotism. He believed that the man whose love for his race did not begin at his own hearth stone, and then spread into his own neighbourhood, his own State, his own section of the Union, did not love any of them half as well as himself. Mr. T. stood up first for the rights of all who inhabited his own section of this broad Union. He went for the Union as it was. If gentlemen were tired of it unless they could carry a measure which was inconsistent with the equal rights of all, let them say so.

The gentlemen from Indiana, (Mr. C. B. Smith,) who addressed the committee some days since, and to whom he had listened with unmingled pleasure and satisfaction, had in Mr. T.'s judgment, taken the ground of justice and of right. But to the gentlemen who had exhibited such a newborn zeal for the acquisition of free territory, (he called it newborn, for he well remembered the time when their "natural allies" in New-York were pointed to as the ark of safety for Southern institutions,) he might well say "*Et tu Brute.*" An attack from that quarter was, he confessed, most unexpected. The South had once relied on these New-York "natural allies:" on Northern men with Southern principles; but he now perceived that, in their zeal in behalf of Southern interests, they had been actuated only by a desire for power and spoils. Then they could make what were now found to have been but base and hollow-hearted concessions to those who stood firm on the basis of the Constitution.

But Mr. T. would tell gentlemen, not under excitement, but as his candid opinion, if the policy of that faction was to be adopted by the House—he meant it as no threat, for he scorned to threaten—he spoke it as the calm and settled conviction of his own mind—that the men whom he represented here would take measures to provide "new safeguards for their future security."

The gentleman from New-York (Mr. Grover) asked how the South could complain of the proposed proviso to accompany the admission of new territory, when the arrangement was so perfectly fair, and put the North and the South on a footing of perfect equality. The North would go there without slaves, and so could the South. Well, Mr. T. would try the principle the other way. Suppose the territory to be open to all; then the South could go there, and carry slaves with them, and so could the North. Would not this be just as equal? [Much laughter.] Mr. T. said he would not answer for the strength of the argument, but it was as good as what he got. [Renewed laughter.]

The South would remain in the Union on a ground of perfect equality with the rest of the Union, or they would not stay in it at all. They asked for honest and honourable union: more they did not ask, nor would they put up with less. To ask them to be content with a position of inferiority would degrade those who made such a proposition as much as it would those who could accept of it. The South asked only for even-handed justice.

Mr. T. had listened attentively to the gentlemen from Virginia and from Alabama, and he endorsed it all. They had faithfully represented the opinions and feelings of all who lived at the South, with fewer exceptions than there had been tories in the days of the Revolution. Then let us put a check upon this lust of dominion. We had territory enough, Heaven knew. Why should we seek to bring in more by force of arms? Let us improve what we had; let us cover it with an industrious, enterprising population, who should spread over its mountains and its valleys till the wilderness was subdued and covered with waving harvests. Then might we safely defy the world in arms, and then should we at the same time exert a moral force which would spread its control over surrounding nations. But he was against the fraternizing policy. It was too much like that pursued by the French in the days of the Directory, whose armies came into all the weaker countries of Europe with the proposal—

"Let us be brethren—or we'll cut your throats."

If that was the policy to be pursued here, Mr. T. warned gentlemen that he should resist it to the uttermost. He would call upon all the people to resist it. Such a policy destroyed the Republic of Rome, and we might follow in the same path. Let us, then, provide beforehand against such a fate.

* * * * * *

If gentlemen objected to the compromise, what ground had they to stand upon when they pretended that all the States were put upon an equal footing? How could that be a state of equality in which the States of one-half the Union undertook successfully to say to the States of the other half, You and your people shall be driven from territory which is the property of all? Let that policy succeed, and few indeed would be found who could say that the States were in the Union on equal footing. No, the people of the South claimed the right to carry their institutions with them wherever they went; into all parts of the Republic; that they had a right to make their own laws while organized as territories, and when they became States to choose for themselves whether they would have Slavery or not. It was as much as the gentleman from New-York would be able to do to legislate for the people immediately around him, and for his own times, without busying himself with the people of California, and providing "for future ages." Leave these people to act for themselves. The South claimed to stand on an equal platform with the other States. This they demanded as their right, and they intended to have it. It was only fair play, and there was no use in blinking the question. They would be degraded, and unworthy of the name of American freemen, could they consent to remain, for a day or an hour, in a Union where they must stand on ground of inferiority, and be denied the rights and privileges which were extended to all others.

Mr. T. concluded with recapitulating the ground he had taken in regard to the war, and calling on gentlemen to do their whole duty to themselves, to their posterity, and to all mankind.

OREGON.—THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

The disturbing question meets them at every turn in Congress. Much of the week has been consumed in a debate on a bill for the Territorial Government of Oregon. It is contended by one party that Slavery shall be excluded north of the line 36 degrees 30 minutes north latitude, a boundary with which the South is by no means satisfied. We copy from the National Intelligencer a sketch of the debate on the final question for the passage of the bill. We shall make copious extracts when the various speeches are reported in full.

The last amendment offered to the bill, was that of Mr. Burt of South Carolina, which extended the line of the Missouri compromise to the Pacific, and provided that all south of it (36 deg. 30 min.) should be slave, and all north of it, free States. It was defeated by a vote of 113 nays, to 82 yeas. Every Southern member voted *yea,* of course. And, with the exception of

STEPHEN S. DOUGLASS, of Illinois,
S. CLINTON HASTINGS, of Iowa,
CHARLES J. INGERSOLL, of Pa.
SHEPPERD LEFFLER, of Iowa, and
ROBERT SMITH, of Illinois,

all the Northern delegation voted nay!

This is hopeful:

The question then recurring on the passage of the bill—

A long and very interesting debate took place in the House, occasioned by the rejection of Mr. Burt's amendment. It occupied the House to an unusually late hour, and our limits preclude us from doing more than giving a memorandum of the gentlemen who took part in the discussion, and a word or two to show the prominent ground taken by each. It is impracticable for a single reporter to keep up with the excited debate now in progress, so as to give an extended report of every speech delivered. The debate to-day was opened by—

Mr. Leake, of Virginia, who spoke under a good deal of excitement, as he presented reasons which would induce him to vote against the bill, and against all similar legislation. He complained that the House seemed to have been converted into a magnificent abolition society, and expressed his fears that the Abolitionists, after laying their profane hands on the altars of religion and the halls of legislation, would next assail the bulwarks of the Constitution itself, and break in like an avalanche on the peace and security of the entire South. He was sick and tired of compromises: the South had entered into many, and they had all been violated. He considered the vote of this morning as an indication that the Missouri compromise was considered as no longer of any obligation, and an intimation that the institutions of the South were no longer to be respected.

Mr. McClernand disclaimed this interpretation of his vote, and went into an explanation as to the motives which had governed him.

Mr. Wick and Mr. Kennedy also explained.

Mr. Leake then went on to state what he considered as the ultimatum of the South, which amounted to this, that if the present attempt to impose limitations with respect to the extension of Slavery should be persisted in, and should prevail, the South must stand in self-defence, for they could not and would not, submit to it. He went into a review of the Wilmot proviso—complained of the North for having thrown a firebrand into the House—appealed to their justice and patriotism, and warned them to abandon their crusade against the rights of the South, or they might see, before long, "the beginning of the end," but God only could see its termination, &c.

Mr. Douglass deprecated the forcing of this question on the House at present; it would come up legitimately on the bill appropriating funds for the war, or on the bill providing two millions to effect a peace; and intimated his intention when Mr. King's bill should come up, to move to amend it, by introducing the Missouri compromise, instead of the total prohibition it contemplated in all the new territory we might acquire. As he thought that both sides had now been heard about equally in the debate, he moved the previous question on the bill.

He, however, though with much hesitation, consented to withdraw the motion at the request of his colleague,

Mr. McClernand, who explained his reasons for having voted against the amendment moved by Mr. Burt. He deprecated this dispute about Slavery as promoting division and weakening our strength whilein the midst of a war. He had opposed the bringing forward of Mr. King's, and also of Mr. Burt's amendment; he considered both as having a dangerous tendency. The fixing of a line which was to separate between free States and slave States had a tendency to hasten a dissolution of the Union. He was opposed to all interference with Slavery within any State. He suggested as a means to mitigate mutual prejudices, that the new States to be admitted hereafter, should tolerate Slavery for a limited time only, and gave some reasons in favor of such a plan. He held that Congress has jurisdiction over Slavery in the territories, because the acquisition of territory was a necessary attribute of all Governments, and the power to acquire involved the power to govern. He considered the prohibition in the ordinance of 1787 as superseded by the subsequent adoption of the Constitution. He deprecated the agitation of the question as leading to no possible good, but to certain evil.

Mr. Rhett followed in a close constitutional argument, intending to prove that neither Congress nor the entire Federal Government had the sovereignty over the Territories; but that it lay in the States as joint tenants, and that they had not given to Congress as their agents any authority to make regulations in the Territories which could touch the subject of Slavery in any way. All the States were sovereigns and jointly owned the Territories, and the States of the North could not turn those of the South out of their sovereignty over it, and so could not prevent their people from entering there. If they could, it would amount to a power to amend the Constitution, since representation in Congress must be affected and changed by the exclusion of slaves. The Southern States were as sovereign in the Territories as they were in their own limits, and Congress had no more right to exclude Slavery in the one than in the other. He replied with great warmth to the language which had been used by Mr. Pettit.

Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, summed up the charges which had been made by Southern gentlemen against those who voted against the amendment of Mr. Burt, and had introduced the subject of the prohibition of Slavery in all new territory. He explained the reason why he had voted against the amendment, because its effect would be to extend the line of the Missouri compromise quite to the Pacific, (whereas it stopped at the Rocky Mountains,) thus throwing open a boundless extent of territory to Slavery, while it restricted that which was free from it to comparatively narrow boundary. He held that that compromise had been already executed, and he had no wish to interfere with it.

He denied that the subject had been thrust on the House by the North; on the contrary, the debate had again and again been introduced by Southern gentlemen. He was glad it had been; for, if slavery was to be excluded, as proposed, it was only fair that the South should be apprized of it. Let both sides know exactly where they stood.

He scouted the charge of any intention to embarrass the Administration in conducting the war, and still more strongly that of bringing forward the question with a view to court the support of the Abolitionists, or because, those who wished for the restriction were all Abolitionists themselves. If so, the Abolitionists had suddenly got a great accession of strength; for Mr. Burt's amendment had been rejected by 130 votes. The Abolitionists were for interfering with Slavery in the States and out of them, and would see the Constitution and the Union go to destruction if thereby there was a chance of general emancipation. The great mass of Northern gentlemen here, whether Whigs or Democrats, were utterly against interfering with Slavery within any State, and resolved to abide by the compromise of the Constitution.

Mr. T. briefly responded to the argument of Mr. Rhett, concluding that the constitution, by empowering Congress to make all necessary rules and regulations respecting the territory belonging to the United States, gave them authority to make laws necessary to promote the good of the territories. Though sovereignty resided in the people of all Governments, yet Congress was made by their act the supreme power, and had a right to make laws for the territories, as such. They had used this power in every Territory, and why might they not in those won from Mexico? He admitted that Congress could not prohibit the entrance of citizens of the United States into the territory of the United States, but they could prohibit the admission of negroes, who were not citizens. If it were asked why prohibit it, he should say, because Congress, as the municipal Legislature of the territory, was bound to consult the best good of the Territory, and, as the National Legislature, to consult the best good of the Union; and the North were unanimous in the opinion that this could best be done by excluding Slavery from these Territories forever.

We give the above as a faint outline of the course of the debate, which was animated and at times interesting in a high degree. Yet the House was not full, many being drawn from their seats by a debate of equal interest in the Senate.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1847.

Report of the Committee of the Eleventh Annual Fair of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society.

The Fair was held on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of last month, in the large Saloon of the Assembly Buildings.

The receipts were	$1,916 05
Expenses	444 50
Leaving a balance in favour of the Society of	1,471 55

The Committee feel great pleasure in presenting these highly favourable results; they are a tangible evidence that their labours have been crowned with success. But above and beyond this evidence is the feeling that this instrumentality has been a powerful means of commending our cause to the community; as one of our writers happily says, "The Fair brings Abolitionists face to face with the world, and exhibits another side of their character than their every-day hard-working one, and shows the scoffers and the scorners that they are very pleasant, good-natured folk only give them the chance." Circumstances this year have greatly favoured this intercourse with those who are "not of us," and we doubt not that a favourable impression has been made on many hearts by the pleasing and instructive incidents of the occasion. The spacious and elegant Saloon was tastefully ornamented; words of instruction and of cheer decorated the walls, and the beautiful Liberty Bell, painted for the Fair, and generously presented by our friend Robert Douglass, spoke of freedom to the slave. A large flag, bearing the same device and a notice of the Fair, floated conspicuously in the streets, drawing the attention of thousands to our sale and to our principles.

The presence and speeches of our friends James N. Buffum and Edmund Quincy, from Massachusetts, added another interest. And to crown all, the true-hearted "Hutchinson Family" generously gave their "gift of song" to heighten the attractions.

From the contemplation of this brilliant scene, we have been led back to the time, when a meagre display, in a small, obscure room, realized to our funds some two or three hundred dollars. We were then alone in our efforts; a few faithful hands toiled to supply our own Treasury; now we have associated with us the true-hearted in many neighbourhoods, who feel that our Fair is also *theirs,* and whom we gladly welcome to this common platform. Darby, Kennett, Newtown, and Byberry had their own beautifully furnished tables, while the generous contributions from persons in our own city—from Harrisburg, Milton, Kimberton, Isabella Furnace, Norristown, Marion, Bart, Marlborough, New-Garden, Bristol, Trenton, Woodstown, and Delaware—bore testimony to the zeal and ability of our friends.

The Committee published an Anti-Slavery alphabet, written, and presented to the Fair by Hannah and Mary Townsend, of this city. This little book was not only a source of much pecuniary profit, but we believe will sow Anti-Slavery seed in the heart of many a child, who, in future years will plead that "his brother of a darker hue" may have an "equal liberty" with himself.

Valuable donations were also received from our friends in New-York and Boston, and through the latter from friends in England; delightful evidences of the kindred feeling that pervades the ranks of those whose principle and motto is, "No Union with slaveholders."

With cheerful hearts the Committee present these results to the society—not doubting that another year will bear still stronger evidence to the truthfulness of our principles, and the rightfulness and expediency of our mode of operation.

On behalf of the Committee,

SARAH PUGH,
MARIA M. DAVIS,
AMY MATILDA CASSEY,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY.

JANUARY 2d.

Gagging the Press.

At a meeting of the City Council of Georgetown, (D. C.) on the 8th instant, a Mr. Jones offered the following grave Preamble and Resolution:

Whereas, it having been represented to the corporation that an "Abolition Newspaper" has recently been established in the city of Washington, and its first number having actually appeared in that city, and,

Whereas, the publication and distribution of such a paper within our midst would undoubtedly be calculated to arouse the worst feelings of our peaceful population and its vicinity, and thereby tend very greatly to endanger the peace and harmony of the community; therefore,

Be it Resolved, That a Select Committee of three be appointed by the Chair, whose duty it shall be to inquire into the propriety of legislative action upon the part of this corporation in the matter set forth in the preamble, and that they report their deliberations at as early a day as practicable.

This is no more than we expected. If the people of the District alone are to be consulted, a free press will not be tolerated in the Capital of this humbug republic. Mr. Jones is right. The publication and distribution of an "Abolition Newspaper," "within their midst"—by which we suppose is meant among the people—would, no doubt, arouse the worst feelings of the enlightened citizens of the seat of the Domestic Slave-Trade. But, probably, it is a question which Mr. Jones has never thought to ask himself, which is the nuisance most loudly demanding an abatement,—the people or the paper? It may seem a little savage in us, but we sincerely believe that if

all manner of agreeable and disagreable things, which naturally belong to it.

The Chronotype is not less malicious than its friends. Mr. Lowell wrote some capital lines to the Pennsylvania Freeman, giving a description, in Hudibrastic measure and familiar language, of some of the most distinguished Abolitionists at the Fair. The Chronotype copies some detached portions of the piece, saying that they are dry jokes of Mr. Lowell's. We know what such an act as this would be called among editors who profess also to be gentlemen, but as the editor of that paper boasts himself not to belong to this class, we make no comment.

However, the net receipts of the Fair were nearly $4,000. The editors of these papers may remember the old maxim of "let those laugh who win."

The New Era.

The Pennsylvania Freeman is disappointed in the character of the new third party paper at Washington. It received the impression from "an old organizationist," who contributed largely to the establishment of the Era, that it was *not* to be a distinctive Liberty party paper, but a journal which all classes of Abolitionists could consistently support. This "old organizationist" was certainly most "jolly green," and our good friend of the Freeman, more than usually good-natured, to believe any such thing of a paper established under the especial care of a society of which Lewis Tappan is the soul and body; with Gamaliel Bailey, the man who was chiefly instrumental in severing the connection between the Ohio and American Anti-Slavery Societies, in '40, and has been ever since, the leading Liberty party editor of the West, as its editor; and assisted by Amos A. Phelps and J. G. Whittier, both of whom have been new organizationists and third party men from the beginning. That attempts should have been made to wheedle old organizationists out of their money does not surprise us, but that any one could believe that a paper edited by three such men, and established under such auspices as this has been, could be anything else than a Liberty party paper, is almost incredible.

The Church South.

The Snow Hill Shield contains some still farther account of the method resorted to by the Church, South, to propagate its faith. Our readers will remember a similar occurrence related by us some weeks since:

Another act of lawlessness had also been perpetrated lately, on the Sabbath, at Guilford meeting-house, where a number of rioters, with a loaded cannon, assembled to inflict a summary punishment upon the Rev. Mr. Hargis, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, at the time, was preaching to a large congregation. The rioters first surrounded the church, commenced discharging fire-arms and throwing stones, which created such alarm and confusion, that many left the house of worship, fearing to remain longer. Mr. Hargis, though much disturbed by the proceedings without, and the sobbings of defenceless women within, continued to preach. But the noise increased, while the rioters tore off the window shutters, and beat the sides of the house with stakes. Growing more bold, some at last entered, when Mr. H. requested them to be seated until he had finished his discourse, when he would willingly give then any required explanation. This they refused to do, but forced themselves up to the pulpit, when the confusion became so great that the congregation had to be dismissed, and Mr. H. and his wife retreat from the house, amidst threats of violence from the mob. The offence alleged against Mr. H. is that his church has refused to withdraw from the Philadelphia Conference, and attach itself to the Church, South, and that, consequently, it favours abolitionism. (!)

THE TABLES TURNED.—A bill in the Assembly of this State, making an appropriation of some thousands of dollars for the volunteers for the Mexican war, has been defeated by the votes of the war party. The Whigs prefixed to it a preamble, which stated in effect that the war was brought upon the country by the act of the President. This the Democrats would not vote for, and so the bill was lost. As the Whigs learnt the trick from the course of their opponents on the war bill in Congress, we trust that they will put into practice when proper occasion rises, this second lesson also,—not to vote against their own principles.

REWARDED.—The nomination of Levi D. Slamm, ex-editor of the New-York Globe, as a purser in the navy, has been confirmed. If the police-editor of that paper continues as faithfully as he began to do the work of his Southern masters, he will also in time receive an equally satisfactory reward with this to his predecessor.

THE LIEUTENANT-GENERALSHIP.—The last vote on the creation of this new office was against it. We suppose it is now settled for this session.

HENRY C. HIBBARD.—We have received a letter from Mr. Kingsbury, in relation to that from Mr. Hibbard, which we published not long since. Mr. Kingsbury very properly declines any controversy. He feels no uneasiness, that any credit will be given to Mr. Hibbard's letter in that section of country where he is known.

The articles from the Liberty Bell are going the rounds of the Liberty papers, but of course without credit. One—that of Mr. Edmund Jackson—which was first copied into this paper, we find in two papers, the Green Mountain Freeman, and The Countryman, but no mention is made of the source whence it came. This is the usual game of the Liberty party with anything which comes from the Old Organizationists.

PURCHASE OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS.—The Liberator of last week contains two columns in explanation and approval of the purchase of Douglass. The article may convince others of the propriety of the act, but for ourselves we have the same opinion that we expressed two months ago, that it was unwise and unnecessary.

NO DOUBT OF IT.—"The ind of all quarrymen is to be blowed up," exclaimed an Irishman, when he saw his companion knocked over by a fragment of rock during the process of blasting. The end of all fanatics is imbecility, says Yankee Doodle, on reading Cassius M. Clay's Letter in the Tribune.—*Yankee Doodle.*

Will Yankee Doodle tell us what is the end of that which *begins* in imbecility? He ought to have guessed by this time what he is coming to.

☞ Senator Pennybacker, of Virginia, died at Washington, on the 12th instant.

☞ The Senate of this State have become inoculated with the rage of the day. They are debating the Slavery question. We shall give some sketch of it next week.

From our Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, January 17, 1847.

Since I last wrote you, we have had winter in good earnest; it was truly Southern weather, with Northern principles, served up with three day's sleighing. But it has passed, and we are enjoying spring-like weather again. The discussion which has been in progress for several weeks, before the Murray Institute, was at length closed on Wednesday night, and decided by a large majority in the affirmative. The discussion, during its progress, has developed considerable anti-slavery feeling; as was very apparent on taking the opinion of the audience at the close. The truth is, there is a growing anti-slavery sentiment here, that all the blustering and threatening of the slavocracy of this State cannot suppress. And they feel, themselves, that it is becoming very midable, and with the large number of free black population, is the cause of many sleepless nights with the slaveholders. The following notice, which appeared in the "Sun" within a few days, shows the cautious action of the slaveholders towards the anti-slavery feeling of the community:

Wanted, a good English and Classical teacher, of good moral character, *and not an Abolitionist*, to take charge of a school in Calvert county, Md. A compensation of $250 and board will be allowed. Apply to J. W. & E. REYNOLDS, No. 10 Light street wharf.

There has been an effort made recently in the Legislature of this State, to prevent the blacks from holding camp-meetings, because, say they, the free instil the spirit of freedom into the slaves, a spirit which is incompatible with Slavery. The truth is, they make anything a pretext to grind down the free blacks, if possible, to the level of their slaves, for fear their prosperity will be used as an argument against their darling institution. We are constantly cited to the free blacks as an evidence that the blacks, as a race, are not capable of taking care of themselves. When the fact is, any degree of character, moral or mental, that they may attain, is in spite of the efforts of the legislators, by passing the most outrageous laws that ever disgraced the statute books of a despotic Government, which they claim to be necessary for the safety of their lives, which is admitting that they have wronged the people to such an extent, that they may be expected to rise any moment to avenge their wrongs. We have in this city, about 18,000 free blacks, who are far more orderly than a like number of whites that might be selected. Yet the Mayor has seen fit to order a law enforced, which has been—in this city at least—a dead letter for some time—that all blacks found in the streets after 11 o'clock P. M. shall be arrested and committed to the watch-house. The holding of public meetings, other than those of a religious character, are special favours of "His Honour, the Mayor." As an example, the following, which I copy from the "Sun:"

By permission of his honour, the Mayor, the Tysonian Association, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they intend to have an anniversary supper, &c.

It was but yesterday that I saw among the accounts of police doings, that a coloured man was arrested for carrying a gun through the streets, *contrary to law.* The gun was forfeited to the complainant, and the man discharged, by paying costs, &c.

One of the laws frought with the most serious consequences to the blacks of our city, and resulting in the greatest benefit to this bankrupt State, is the legalized gambling system, in the form of lotteries. There are several hundred of these fleecing shops in this city, and by far the largest part of their support comes from the blacks, who are urged on by hopes of bettering their condition suddenly, by buying the *right number*, the venders of which, should they be successful, could manage the prize to suit themselves, and the poor ignorant black be none the better or wiser for it. Not a small number of these buyers are slaves, who thus spend the "levies" they have saved from time to time, in hopes of drawing a sufficient amounts of money to purchase their freedom.

We have about 3,000 slaves, which are mostly house servants, and rather precarious property at that, and as a consequence the slaves raised in the city are mostly shipped south, which accounts for the large trade done in this kind of property. Hope H. Slatter has pretty much retired from the business, and his son, H. F. Slatter, has put out his sign at the old "nigger jail" of the father.

But we must learn "to labour and wait" for "the good time coming."

Yours, N.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. XII.

Cyril Thornton Hamilton and Boston Streets—Æsthetics of Crooked Streets—The North End—English look of the old part of Boston—And reason good—Genesis of Bostonians—Historical houses yet standing—Josias Franklin's—A Discourse of Bonnets—Visit to it ten years ago—Scene of Franklin's childhood and education—The Correspondent explaineth his use of the word "Rogue"—A new idea to a young mind—Franklin "an old rascal"—Danger, shame, and disgrace of the demolition of this house—House where Franklin was born—Furniture and Bonnets—James Franklin's printing office, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Jan. 15, 1847.

When Mr. Hamilton, of Edinburgh, by his familars, called Tom, and by all Europe and America, called "Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms," (for I could never find out what his exact military rank had been,) who figures in the "*Noctes Ambrosiana*," and who wrote that clever novel, Cyril Thornton, as well as one of the best books of travels in this country, when Mr. Hamilton, I say, reached Boston, in the course of his pilgrimage, the narrowness and crookedness of its streets rejoiced the cockles of his heart, for they looked old, and reminded him of things at home. He could not away with the newness of the Western towns, and the rectangularity of Philadelphia, and the infinite elongation of New-York, were abominations unto him, while the tortuosities and narrownesses of Boston seemed to him like the faces of old familiar friends.

It may be habit, it may be a love of the picturesque, like that which sent Dr. Syntax on his celebrated tour, or it may be a lingering taste for old things, or things as they were, (a taste, for which I fear that I have not sufficient credit given me,) but I must own that I am very much of his way of thinking. I confess that I like a city that seems to have scrambled itself together at different periods, in such shape and order as best suited its own convenience at the time, much better than one that seems to have sat down as soon as it was born, with compasses and rule, and self-complacently, said unto itself, "go to, I will become a great city, even a mighty one, and my ways shall all be straight and my roads broad!"

Strangers visiting Boston, very seldom see the most characteristic part of it. It is at the "North End," which was, till within this century, the most populous portion of the town, and which was the Court-End in the old colonial times, that you must look for its distinctive character, in its historical days. Hanover street, and the streets leading out of it, remain comparatively in the same state that they were in the times before the Revolution. Speculation and Fashion having attracted the wealthier classes and the growing generation to the Western district of the town, the portion of which I speak was sufferred to remain much as it had stood for a century or more. The curious intermixture of various styles of houses, mostly brick, though with many of wood, many of them bearing marks of decayed gentility in the defaced mouldings, pilasters, and carved work that adorns them, give it much the air of an old English town.

And, in fact, Boston is an old English town, to all intents and purposes. Its population, unlike that of almost any other large city, is of almost unmixed English descent. With the exception of the Huguenot element which was infused about the close of the seventeenth century, there is scarcely any intermixture of foreign blood in the veins of the people. We have no French, no Dutch, no Jews,—and next to no Scotch or Irish, among our progenitors. Mr. Hamilton, of whom I have just spoken, quotes the proverb by which the Scotch explain the impossibility of Jews living in their neighbourhood—"corbies winna pick out corbies e'en,"—to illustrate the same state of things in New England. But if Sawney be too much for Moses, Jonathan, on the other hand, is too many for him,—so that there are almost as few Scotchmen as Jews among us. There is a considerable Irish and German population, to be sure, but this emigration has been comparatively of recent date, and has impressed no character at all upon the present generation.

There a few places yet left in Boston, of universal interest. I passed one of the chiefest, yesterday, in Hanover Street, which I suppose suggested the train of thought (if such discursive ramblings deserve the name) in this letter. Do you see that house at the corner of Hanover and Union Streets, with a gilt ball protruding from its corner, diagonally into the street? It has no architectural pretensions to arrest a passer-by. It is a plain brick house, of three stories, with small windows, close together, and exceeding small pains of glass in them, the walls of a dingy yellow. Yet it is a house swarming with associations interesting to well-nurtured minds throughout the civilized world. Read the name upon the ball and you will get an inkling of my meaning—"JOSIAS FRANKLIN, 1698." Yes, that is the very roof under which Benjamin Franklin grew up. He was not born there, but his father removed thither when he was but six months old, so that all his recollections of home must have been connected with those walls. The side of the house on Union Street, remains as it was in the days of Franklin's boyhood; but that on Hanover Street has been shamefully entreated. Nearly the whole front has been cut out to make room for two monstrously disproportioned show-windows. And this house, so full, as I have just said, of associations, is fuller yet of bonnets! Yes, by the head of the Prophet, of *bonnets!* It is a Bonnet Warehouse, and from the inordinate windows, aforesaid, bonnets of all hues and shapes ogle you with sidelong glances, or else stare you openly out of countenance, while mountain piles of band-boxes tower to the ceiling of the upper story, eloquent, like Faith, of things unseen. Heaven forbid that I should say anything in derogation of *bonnets*, any more than of the fair heads that wear them, but I would that they had another Repository.

It was my good fortune to go over the house before it had undergone this metamorphosis. It was occupied, in part at least, some eight or ten years ago, by a coloured man, of the name of Stewart, a dealer in old clothes, who thought of buying the premises, and wanted my advice about it. I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to view them. The interior of the house was then, I should judge, in the same condition that it was when the worthy old soap-boiler and that sturdy rebel, (in youth as in age,) his world-famous son lived there. There were the very rooms in which the child-Franklin played, the very stairs, up and down which he romped, the very window-seats on which he stood to look out into the street. The shop on the street, was unquestionably the place where he used to dip wicks for the candles, and fill the moulds, and wait upon the customers. I pleased myself with imagining which room it was in which his father sat, patriarch-like, at his table, surrounded by his thirteen children, all of whom "grew up to years of maturity and were married." And you may be sure I did not fail to take a peep into the cellar, where Poor Richard, in his infantile economy of time, proposed to his father that he should say grace over the whole barrel of beef they were putting down, in the lump, instead of over each piece in detail, as it came to the table! A proposition which inclined the good brother of the Old South Church to fear that his youngest hope was given over to a reprobate mind, and was but little better than one of the wicked.

And I would have given a trifle to know which of the chambers it was that was Franklin's own, where he educated himself, as it were, by stealth. Where he used to read "Bunyan's works, in separate little volumes,"—and Barton's Historical Collections,—"small chapman's books, and cheap; forty volumes in all,"—and Plutarch's Lives,—not to mention "a book of De Foe's, called *An Essay on Projects*," and "Dr. Mather's, called an *An Essay to do Good*," and where, too, his lamp (or more probably his candle's end) was "oft seen at midnight hour," as he sat up the greatest part of the night devouring the books which his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night, out of the shop, to be returned the next morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed them! Seldom have literary pleasures been relished with such a gust, as by that hungry boy.

When I say "rogue," I use the term metaphysically and not literally. I mean "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," nor do I allude to any of the gossip of sixty years since. But I shall never forget the shock given to my early prejudices, and the *bouleversement* of all my preconceived ideas at hearing, when I was a boy, a very celebrated gentleman, distinguished in the field and in the cabinet, whose public life was mostly of the last century, say in a careless manner, as if it were the tritest truism in the world he was uttering, "Why, madam, you know Franklin was an old rascal!" He added some specifications, which I do not now remember, but the amount was that he had feathered his nest well at the public expense. Franklin was no saint in his private life, and he never pretended to be one; but I believe it is now pretty well understood that he was "indifferent honest," as Hamlet says, in his public life, and that Prince Posterity has dismissed the charges preferred by some of his contemporaries, against his political honesty.

It will not be many years before this monument of the most celebrated man that Boston, not to say America, ever produced, will be demolished, and the place that knows it will know it no more, unless something be done to save it. It will be a burning shame and a lasting disgrace to Boston, with all its wealth and its pretensions to liberality, and its affectation of reverence for its great men, to suffer the most historical of its houses to be destroyed, when the rise in real estate in that neighbourhood shall seal its doom. It is a shame that it has been left so long to take the chances of business. It should have been bought years ago, and placed in the hands of the Historical Society, or some other permanent body, in trust, to be preserved forever, in its original condition. It is not too late to restore it to something like its first estate, and to save it from utter destruction. If it be not done, it will be a source of shame and sorrow when it is too late.

The house in which Franklin was born has been destroyed within this century,—to the infinite discredit of the rich men of the "Literary Emporium of the New World"—as the great Kean christened it, when it was in the height of its delirium in the "Kean Fever." That house stood in Milk Street, a little below the Old South Church, on the other side of the way, and the spot is marked by a "Furniture Warehouse," five stories high, which forms a fitting pendant to the Bonnet Warehouse, in Hanover Street. The printing-office of James Franklin, where Franklin served his apprenticeship, where he used to put his anonymous communications under the door, where he used to study when the rest were gone to dinner, and where he used sometimes to get a flogging from his brother—("perhaps I was too saucy and provoking," as he candidly, and with great probability, says of himself.) James's printing-office was in Queen (now Court) Street, nearly opposite the Court-house, on the corner of Franklin Avenue, which, if I am not mistaken, derives its name from this circumstance.

I think this will do for this present writing. So Farewell! D. Y.

To Correspondents.

J. P. D. He had previously sent one dollar for J. R. of W. To whom shall the last be credited? He may be assured that the number sent was very acceptable.

M. M. B. We are not unmindful of that class, but the right sort of material is not to be had easily. The demand is not so great as it was a few years since, and of course the supply is small. The people generally acknowledge all that facts of the character referred to, can prove. The request, however, shall not be forgotten.

HUMANITAS. We submit it to his own good taste whether anything more on that theme, in *this* way, had better be said unless the merit be something very much more than common.

E D. H. Will find a paper at Springfield which will give him all the information he wishes in regard to books.

V. N. His of the 9th instant is received. It shall receive due consideration. He will oblige us by forwarding an account, with every list of subscribers, as the accounts are kept at this office, and great confusion necessarily ensues unless the agents use great care.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* True Love; The Cotton Manufacture. *Miscellany:* Toussaint (continued); The Depth of the Sea; A Uniform Atmosphere for the Asthmatic and Consumptive; Samuel Warren, the Author of "Ten Thousand a Year;" The Poet Pollock and Slavery; Judge turned Schoolmaster; Franklin's Mode of Lending Money; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution:* Poor White Folk; Administration of Law. *Selections:* The War in Mexico; Incendiary Pamphlets; Catechism of the Mexican War.

SECOND PAGE.—Clerical Interpretation; The Ripley Church; Protest of Disciples Church; George Kirk; Congress; Oregon—The Slavery Question.

Married,

In Philadelphia, on the 7th instant, by Friends' ceremony, CHARLES HALLOWELL, to ELMIRA R. daughter of William, Stephens, all of that city.

In Cohasset, Massachusetts, on Wednesday evening, by Rev. Mr. Osgood, Mr. RICHARD WARREN WESTON, of New-York, to SARAH MARIA, daughter of Mr. Charles Grant.

In Uxbridge, Massachusetts, on the 7th instant, by the Rev Samuel Clarke, JOHN C. WYMAN, of Worcester, and EMMA CHAPIN, eldest daughter of the late Doctor George Willard, of Uxbridge.

Died,

Suddenly, on Sunday night, of congestion of the brain, ELLERY CHANNING, son of Elias and Sarah R. Smith, aged 4 years and 3 months.

On the morning of the 13th instant, CATHARINE BRADFORD PATTON, sister of the Rev. Dr. Patton, aged 36 years.

In Boston, JOHN DAVIS, LL. D. and for many years Judge of the U. S. District Court, in the 87th year of his age.

At Cambridge, Massachusetts, 6th, instant, WILLIAM POMEROY, formerly President of the Greenfield Bank, aged 71.

At Elk Ridge, Maryland, 5th, instant, Gen. CHAS. STERETT RIDGELY, aged 65.

In Boston, on Wednesday afternoon, suddenly, WILLIAM PARSONS, Esq.

In Broadalbin, Fulton county, on Saturday, the 9th instant, Gen. EARL STIMSON, formerly of Galway, Saratoga county.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, on Sunday, January 3d, of consumption, Rev. C. G. FENNER, recently from the Divinity School at Cambridge.

In Montreal, January 4th, Rev. CALEB STRONG, son of Hon. Lewis Strong, of Northampton, Massachusetts, and pastor of the American Presbyterian Church in that city, aged 29.

At New Haven, Ct. ISAAC N. TOWNSEND, Esq. Professor of Law in Yale College.

At Sulphur Springs, Va. Judge D. B. TALLMADGE, late of the Superior Court of this city.

In Smyrna, Asia Minor, in November last, DAVID W. OFFLEY, Esq. United States Consul at that place.

Died on the 11th of 1st month, in the vicinity of Plainfield, N. J. at the residence of her father, (John Lainz,) MARGARET M. wife of Jonathan H. Vail, formerly of Waterloo, N. Y. in the 26th year of her age.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

News has been received within the week from the seat of war, which caused much anxiety in this city. It was feared that Santa Anna would cut off Gen. Worth, and all help that could be sent to him. The following, however, from a N. Orleans paper, is the latest intelligence:

From the Army.—Latest from Mexico.—Wm. J. Berry, who left Monterey on the 23d ult. furnishes us with the following memoranda:

All idea of an immediate engagement has passed over, and it would now seem that Santa Anna is only to be met at San Luis Potosi—where, it seems, he means to stand the hazard of the die.

Gen. Taylor, as we have been previously advised, countermarched when on his route to Victoria, and was approaching Saltillo when he met Col. May and his squadron, who had pushed on in advance of him, returning to Monterey. Col. May having informed him of the actual and existing state of things at Saltillo, he returned and recommenced his march for Victoria. It turns out that the alarm originated thus: Gen. Worth intercepted a letter from the Governor of New Leon to a partisan Mexican General, whose name our informant could not recollect, telling him to advance and attack Saltillo on a certain day, and that he had so arranged it that the Mexican inhabitants would rise, join them, and defeat the American forces.

Add to this, a large cavalry force was reported on the advance from San Luis Potosi. With reference to the letter—Gen. Worth enclosed it to the author, telling him that if again detected in any such proceedings, he would be shot. The cavalry advance turned out to be, as our Monterey correspondent guessed they were, a foraging party—pretty numerous, to be sure—nothing more.

The forces in Saltillo, have, however, been considerably strengthened. The Kentucky and Ohio regiments, under Gen. Butler, have marched on there; and the Kentucky cavalry were to march for that point on the 23d ult. Monterey, too, under command of Col. Garland, is considerably enforced. Our informant met, between there and Camargo, the two Indiana regiments, the Kentucky mounted cavalry, and about seven hundred of the recently enlisted regulars. Col. Morgan, of the second regiment of Ohio volunteers, who has command at Camargo, is actively engaged in fortifying the place.

The Georgia, and Mississippi and Tennessee infantry, are in Victoria. There was no truth in the report that a Mexican force was stationed there.

Since we wrote the above we have conversed with a military gentleman, who came passenger in the Alabama, and whose sources of correct information were the very best. He informs us that Gen. Wool, with his forces, was *en route* to join Gen. Worth, (in addition to the reinforcements mentioned above,) and that he was, when last heard from, within a few miles of Saltillo.—Gen. Scott was on his way to the head quarters of Gen. Taylor, which would be at Victoria.

Our reliable informant's information still farther dissipates all apprehension of Santa Anna assuming an offensive position. He now holds the key to Southern Mexico; he deems all the forces he can possibly concentrate there necessary to retain it, and will only surrender it to a greatly superior force. The strength of his own army at San Luis Potosi, by the way, is greatly exaggerated. It does not positively exceed 10,000 men all told, and those poorly provisioned, and having in their possession a scanty supply of arms and ammunition.

He reckons, however, among his officers, men of highly military scientific attainments—English, German, and French. The place he will, of course, have fortified in the best possible manner. He, therefore coolly wraps himself up in the cloak of security, at least from the present, well knowing that we have no force now west of the Rio Grande from which he fears an attack.

General Items.

Calvin Russ is convicted of the murder of his wife on the 9th of September last, and sentenced to be hung on the 12th of March next. Russ is a native of Boston.

The Albany correspondent of the Tribune says:—

In the library, up stairs, there is exhibited one of the most splendid books I ever saw, in six volumes, bound with a degree of taste and magnificence almost unequalled. It is a present from the King of Prussia to this State; the clasps are of solid gold, typographical execution is above all praise; and the object of the work is to exhibit the discoveries, begun to be made in 1689, continued ever since, and which Murat employed 2,000 men from year to year, in extending, of Herculaneum, *drowned* in repeated eruptions of lava, from the crater of Vesuvius, some eighteen hundred years ago, and Pompeii buried under a shower of ashes and a few stones.

The size of the pages is, I suppose, over two feet by two and a half feet, and the engravings are really superb, as is the colouring. How handsome and interesting are the features and countenances of these revived Romans! How elegant are the figures which these volumes display, and how perfect! We have the theatres, forums, pictures, colouring; a temple of Isis, one of Vesta, another of Venus; tombs, stores, dwellings, pavements, urns; the jail, with its old iron rusty bars, to which, as now, the poor, offending sons of fallen Adam were chained; Roman rods and footways; a grand amphitheatre—plans of some thirty or forty streets in Pompeii, as distinct as those of Albany would be if the city were to be buried in a shower of snow to-day, and made to reappear on the morrow, by the magic of the sun of the dog days.

The Hutchinson Family.—This body of some four or five persons, forming what is called the Huchinson Family, and which has had great success in this country and Europe, as public minstrels, have very recently met with rude treatment and rebuff, at the hands of a few citizens of the city of Philadelphia. It seems, that whilst they were going through with an engagement in Philadelphia, they thought fit, as usual, to sing some one or two Anti-Slavery songs, and admitted to their concert-room, "free people of colour." This act of aggression and of outrage, on the rights of the people south of the Birch river and Gunpowder bridge, and contempt, for the "peculiar institutions," of the chivalry of South Carolina and Georgia, subjected them to the disapprobation of a few of the advocates of Lynch Law, and servility to the South, and they were consequently threatened with the fury of a mob, if they dared "sing any more Anti-Slavery songs, or admit niggers" to their concerts. They persisted in their right to sing what they pleased, whilst they admitted the right of all to abstain from their concerts that did not like them, and would have "gone ahead, and put her through," as the b'hoys express themselves, but the Mayor interfered, and said that they must not do it. If they persisted in singing the offensive songs, a mob would come, and he could not, and would not, if he could, protect them. Under the circumstances of the case, the Hutchinsons abandoned their concerts in Philadelphia, returned to this city, and are now, we believe, on their way to New Hampshire.

As for the songs sang by this family, we always regarded them as very moral specimens of minstrelsy, ever calculated to do good, and improve the human heart. We never heard them sing an Anti-Slavery song; and it is a matter of profound indifference to us, whether they sing them or not, for we are not of the Anti-Slavery party, though we most heartily love the "largest liberty."—They had a right to sing them, if they thought fit, provided they amused their audience, and no one had a right to quarrel with them about the matter. Those who did not wish to hear them, had an immediate remedy in keeping away. The Hutchinsons were entitled to the protection of the Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, as long as they conducted themselves as quiet, good citizens; and he should have held the threats of the mob, in defiance and contempt. His failing, or refusing to do so, manifests on his part, a weakness and incompetency, which we are very sorry to notice, and which we think, must withhold from him, the future confidence of his fellow-citizens.—*Sunday Porcupine.*

A Saucy Governor.—The Legislature of Missouri recently passed a resolution demanding of the Governor to explain to them certain matters relative to the jaunt to the East last summer for the purpose of selling State bonds, and his charge for expenses. It seems that he sold only six bonds, amounting to three thousand dollars, and that for expenses he charged the State six hundred and twenty-five dollars. Here is an extract from the Governor's reply:

"In the next place, with due respect to the honourable mover, the answer is, that the expenses of the Executive were various,—numerous—'too tedious to mention,'—his breakfast, his dinner, or his tea, when he had the time and appetite to eat it—an apple or an orange, a lemonade or a sponge cake, a piece of cheese or a crackers, a glass of brandy or some old rye, when from hard travel, much fatigue, and great want of sleep, he was too unwell to take more substantial food; or else from rapid travelling had no time to stop and get it—the blacking of his boots, or brushing the dust out of his coat, or hiring a servant to hasten his dinner, instead of forcing him to eat through a series of regular courses, hack hire and omnibus hire, porterage and drayage, stage fare railroad fare, steamboat fare on lakes, gulfs, rivers, and bays—all these and various other 'items,' multiplied many times over, making perhaps thousands in the trip of six thousand miles, make up the 'items' of expenses to the Executive—a long list, hard to get and hard to give."

Sermon on Slavery.—An abstract of a Sermon on Slavery, preached by Rev. J. Parker, D. D. of Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving day, recently appeared in the columns of the "Christian Observer," with much commendation from the editor. The abstract is transferred to the "Montreal Register" of December 17th, with the following editorial notice:

"We have copied the above from the Philadelphia Christian Observer, not because we approve of the sentiments contained in the Sermon, but that our readers may see in what manner Slavery is spoken of, and its enormous evils palliated, in States *not Southern.* Assuredly, Dr. Parker might have been better employed on a Thanksgiving day than in apologizing for the misdeeds of others, or endeavouring to reconcile his hearers to an indefinite postponement of freedom."

We are sorry to see, also, a series of articles in the same periodical, which rumor attributes to the same source, in which the writer has taken ground that must greatly grieve his brethren both North and South. We were pained particularly at the following passage:

"*What are the evils that are inseparable from Slavery? There is not one that is not equally inseparable from depraved human nature in other lawful relations!*" We need not say that we totally differ from him as to the matter of fact; but we do say that such a statement will quiet the consciences of thousands of slaveholders, and would quiet all if they could believe it to be true.—*New-York Evangelist.*

The *Richmond Enquirer*, the great organ and oracle of the slavocracy of the South, and the Locofoco party everywhere, shows the quality of its democracy, as well as the estimation in which it holds Northern freemen by the utterance of the following sentiment:

"Our slave population is decidedly preferable, as an orderly and labouring class, to a Northern labouring class, that has just learning enough to make them wondrous wise; just enough to make them the most dangerous class to well regulated liberty under the sun."

Silsbee, the comedian, in one of his farces, says that the United States are bounded on the North by the aurora borealis, on the East by the rising sun, on the West by the horizon, and on the South by as far as we choose to go.

Convicted.—Geo. R. Lanxon, of this county, was found guilty of attemping to decoy a slave away from his master, and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the Penitentiary, at the present term of the Circuit Court.—*Fayette (Mo.) Times, 26th ultimo.*

The editors of the Argus are not in any manner interested in the contract of Messrs. Wendall & Van Benthuysen for the Congressional printing.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Loss of the United States Schooner Shark.—By a private letter from Honolulu, we learn, says the Courier, that the ship Mariposa, which arrived at that port October, 8, reported the loss of the U. S. schooner Shark, Lieut. Com. Howison, on the morning of the 10th of September, at the mouth of the Columbia river. The Mariposa sent a boat ashore to the Hudson Bay Company's post at Baker's Bay, and learned that the officers and crew landed safely, but did not learn farther particulars. When she sailed, on the evening of the same day, only the bowsprit and quarter rail of the schooner were visible above the breakers.

Blessings of Slavery.—Mr. Bedinger of Virginia, in the House of Representatives, on Monday, rose to correct a report of some of his remarks of a previous day. He said he was represented as having spoken of Slavery as a misfortune and an evil. He wished it distinctly understood, that he did not say nor believe that Slavery, as existing in the Southern States of this Union' was either a curse, a misfortune, or a deformity.

NOTICES.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Waterloo, N. Y. January 28th, 1847.

The ladies of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Fair at Waterloo, New-York, commencing on Thursday, January 28th, at one o'clock, P. M and continue through the week.

The friends of the oppressed, throughout the State, are respectfully invited to send in contributions to aid in raising money to assist in breaking the chain from the limbs of the fettered bondman. Contributions from the merchant, the farmer, and the mechanic, may be sent to Waterloo, directed to Thomas McClintock. The ladies will offer for sale at this Fair, dry goods, from England, Ireland, Scotland, and the United States. An impetus will be given to the occasion by the presence of several distinguished public speakers; among them, are J. C. Hathaway, C. L. Remond, Nelson Bostwick, E. D. Hudson, G. B. Stebbins, and Wm. W. Brown.

Speeches may be expected from all these gentlemen. Friends of the slave attend.

Wm. W. Brown will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows:—

Penn Yan, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 23d and 24th.
Geneva, Monday, 25th.
Canoga, Tuesday and Wednesday, 26th and 27th.

The meetings will commence at half-past six o'clock, P. M. Friends of the slave, in the different localities, will please see that notice is given, and a place obtained to hold the meeting in. J. C. H.

LECTURES IN THE INTERIOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Cyrus M. Burleigh will, by invitation of a friend in Clearfield county, visit the following new places at the general times specified. The precise day of his arrival at each place cannot now be stated, but persons who shall receive a copy of this paper are requested to be on the look out for him, and to make such preparations as may be necessary to secure him good meetings, and to make his labours conducive in the highest practicable degree to the advancement of the cause.—*Pennsylvania Freeman.*

Bellefonte, Centre county, last week of January instant—Court week.

Clearfield, Clearfield county, the week following—Court week.

Brookville, Jefferson county,	do.	do.
Russway, Elk county,	do.	do.
Smithport, M'Kean county,	do.	do.
Coudersport, Potter county,	do.	do.

CAUTION.

A man, calling himself Charles Camlin, with a woman whom he calls his wife, is going about the country, collecting contributions in money and goods from the benevolent, on the pretence of being a fugitive slave. He exhibits marks of the lash, tells an interesting story, and deceives many. He has learned pretty well the story of *James Williams*, and uses it dexterously, as a means of deception. He is a grand imposter, *perhaps a spy.* To one he tells that he has just escaped from *New Orleans*—to others, who saw him more than a year since, when he said he had just run away from *Carolina*,—his story is that he has just returned from Canada, where the climate was too cold for him. The very evident fact that he is well acquainted with the South—and his great efforts to see coloured people and ascertain whether they are fugitives, is strong ground for suspecting him to be more than a mere vagrant impo—

He is very light complexioned, with nearly straight hair, in large, bushy, shaggy locks; he is quite lame in one leg, which bends *inward* very much at the knee when he walks. Let all be on their guard.

E. FUSSELL.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, January 27th, and will probably continue in session three days. In view of the alarming strides of despotism—the prosecution of a war of invasion and conquest, for the purpose of extending the boundaries of Slavery, and rendering the sway of the slave power absolute over the country—and the exigencies of our great enterprise—all the members and friends of the society, and all auxiliary societies, are earnestly called upon to make the approaching meeting the most numerous and the most effective of any that has yet been held in this Commonwealth.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

NEW ANTI-SLAVERY WORK.

Now in press, and will be issued in a few days, the Church as it is—or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery, by PARKER PILLSBURY.

This book will contain, among much other interesting matter, a full account of all the important action of the various ecclesiastical bodies in the United States, on the subject of Slavery.

The position of the Church and ministry, of the religious press of the country, on the present infamous war with Mexico, will also be exhibited, from facts and statements, registered under their own hands.

The strange and monstrous assumptions and usurpations of the clergy, whereby the Church and the people are kept in their present wicked relation to Slavery, will also be presented in a strong and clear light, by extracts from their own statute-books. The whole will be comprised in a neat pamphlet of seventy or eighty pages.

CHESTER COUNTY CONVENTION.

The board of managers of the Chester County Anti-Slavery Society, with the approbation of the society given at its annual meeting, have concluded to hold, during the present winter, a series of conventions throughout the county. The present is a most auspicious time for action; shall we not improve it well? One hour now to speak plain truths to the people, is worth more than days, years ago; *then* the evils of Slavery were regarded as metaphysical abstractions—*now* they are *felt* as all too real. The nation is engaged in a murderous aggression on a neighbouring people, in order that slaveholders may still bear sway in its councils by accessions to their power, and that the weak may still be plundered with impunity. A vast territory (now free) is to be forced from Mexico by the horrors of war, and united to this country for Slavery to grow and fatten upon forever—this fact is arousing the people of the North, and they are no only willing, but anxious to listen to the truth spoken plainly. Let the Abolitionists of each neighbourhood, where it is desirable to have a meeting, consider themselves a committee to procure a place for holding it, and to make all other preparations necessary, and inform the secretary of the Board by letter, directed to Kimberton. Early attention to this request is desirable—as it will give time to make the necessary preparations to insure good meetings.

The first of the series will be held at Lawrenceville on First-day, the 27th, at 10 o'clock. A. M. and will probably be continued for two days.

EDWIN FUSSELL, Secretary.

Twelth Month, 1846.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1845.	a 4.75	Pig, Eng. & Sc

Poetry.

TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and gray,
And the light that once was in thine eye
Hath sorrow stol'n away.
Thou art no longer fair, wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And thy once firm and graceful form
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
As when we first were wed;
As when thy merry eye was bright,
And thy smooth cheek was red.
Ah! that was long ago, wife,
We thought not then of care;
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—
We now have none to spare!

Well, well, dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we laid,
The three years' darling, fair and pure,
Beneath the yew tree's shade;
The worth from life was gone, wife,
We said with foolish tongue,—
But we've blessed since then the Chastener
Who took that child so young!

—There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,
Who lived to manhood's prime—
Would God I could have died for him,
Who died before his time!
—There is Jane, thy second self, wife,
A thing of sin and shame,—
Our poorest neighbours pity us,
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,
I nursed her on my knee,
And the evil, woeful ways she took,
Were never taught by thee.
We were proud of her fair face, wife!
—And I have tamely stood,
And not avenged her downfall
In her betrayer's blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,
I cursed him to his face:
But he was rich and I was poor,
—The rich know no disgrace!
The gallows would have had me, wife,
—For that I did not care!
The only thing that saved his life
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,
That calms my maddened brain;
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye,
Thy look of patient pain;
Thy lips that never smile wife;
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan;
Thy form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone;

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,
They fill my eyes with tears;
We have borne so much together
Through these long thirty years,
That I will meekly bear, wife,
What God appointeth here;
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;
Be this our only prayer,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care!
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife—
Oh, God, who reign'st above,
We bless thee in our misery,
For one sure solace—love!

A "Subscriber" sends us the following lines, with a request to copy. As we do not know to what to credit them, the paper from which they are copied will pardon our seeming want of courtesy:

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.

"'Till overwrought the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fires the wheels."
GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

What though along the Atlantic coast
Our ruined lands no more
May yield the "raw material,"
The cotton's downy store—
Still shall the "middle passage" bring
Its sable millions o'er.

No Eastern bondage sways them here,
No mild paternal lord,
As those who sat at Abraham's tent,
And shared his simple board;
No seventh year of "Jubilee,"
Shall find their rights restored.

And when their Northern brethren
Their simple hearts betray
Into this howling wilderness
Of liberty to stray,
Think you for Southern "flesh-pots"*
They murmur on their way?

Lo, Texas!—basking in the sun
Her fertile fields expand—
To feed the insatiate factories jaws,
She yields her unploughed land;
While babes to watch their dire machines
In sleepless vigil stand.

'Tis not for them in childhood's glee
The woodland to explore,
Or from the flower-enamelled fields
To cull their little store,
Or play with sea shells on the beach
Along the winding shore.

Urged on by steam's resistless force
The wheels with frenzy speed,
While brawny sons of Erin's race
With fire the monster feed,
As deep within the dusky mine
Its length'ning aisles recede.

There toils the miner through long years
In black, Tartarean glooms,
Where his long night no moonbeam cheers,
No silver star illumes,
There, in a living grave, his fate
Relentlessly entombs!

The vast machineries clash and clang,
The powerful engines roar,
Dark volumed vapours hide the sun
And float from shore to shore—
The steams run purple with the strife
Of commerce—not of war.

Wherefore this deafening din, where late
Her song the woodlark poured,
Why floats the sulphurous cloud where once
Sabean odors soared,
Wherefore the servile water-power
Where late the cataract roared?

By day and night this mighty din,
These clouds that o'er us frown,
The infernal smoke-pipes black as sin,
That tour above the town,
They are to sprig a lady's dress
And stripe it up and down.

ANDROMACHE.

PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10th.

* "And the children of Israel said unto Moses, would to God we had died in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots and did eat bread to the full, or ere ye brought us forth into this wilderness."—Exodus 16c—3v.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER XIII.

Candi looked with no little surprise upon the calm face of his prisoner. He was accustomed to hear the language of despair, entreaty, and complaint, and now stood a victim before him prepared to follow him without a murmur. The negroes surrounded the officer, and led him silently forth through the row of horses to the mountain, where, as Candi said, the General had fixed his head-quarters. The way led among blooming bushes to a height covered with young palms. The rich valley of Limbé lay spread out before Vincent's eyes in all the beauty of morning, but he heeded it little, and still less the chattering of the Lieutenant, who was boasting of the victory gained by the blacks. With the practiced eye of a soldier, Vincent marked the wild, tumultuary array of the black army, divisions of which occupied these hills. The vast mass was all alive and busy. Beings of all ages were here mingled, wandering about without order. Troops of women were seen bringing wood, or bundles of herbs, roots, and leaves, the ingredients of a soup, which, for the principal portion of the host, served as the only nourishment. Some brought ears of Indian corn, which had been generally introduced into the island, only a little while before the Insurrection, but was not much esteemed. Yet rarer appeared the favourite banana, and occasionally were seen old women under the protection of a guard, preparing potato cakes upon a gridiron, for some man of note and authority. Among these various groups were running naked boys and girls of all sizes, who hailed the appearance of the white prisoner with savage cries. Shouts of hate and revenge resounded on all sides, and probably it was only the certainty that he was going to meet a terrible death, that prevented them from burying him at once under heaps of stones. Melancholy thoughts filled the mind of Vincent.

A few months before, all these beings would have trembled before the eye of a white man; they would have kissed the dust of his feet, and at a hint from him would have murdered friend and brother, and now, all at once, the last spark of this awe was extinguished, and every child was ready to hurl a stone at the hated gentleman. Was it the sense of the injury which had been inflicted on their humanity, the noble pride of freedom, that drove them to a revenge, which was ready blindly to crush every oppressor? Vincent shuddered at the hateful revelation of the worst passions, which, however, were still all natural. This squalid rabble, without a head—what knew they of holy freedom? One night of death had suddenly broken off their chains, and only the impregnable character of the country, not their numbers even, prevented the stout planters from punishing their runaway slaves. As Vincent cast his eye over this host, that, grinning, and ape-like, sate squatting upon their heels, and marked the numbers deformed and shrivelled with age, the women exhibiting the most frightful and disgusting ugliness, the feeling of the white man came over him toward the black race, and although a prisoner, he could not suppress a feeling of utter contempt. But as he proceeded the scene underwent a change, and when he reached the top of the mountain, an appearance of order was presented. Here little huts were erected, and the rows in which they stood showed some resemblance to a regular camp. Here too, indeed, old men and women were lying lazily stretched out on the ground, covered only with filthy rags, and monotonously howling their discordant songs men and women were engaged in rude dances, and a crowd of children shouted around the white man. Still, amidst all the stupidity and folly apparent on all sides, traces of intelligence were visible, and the guiding hand of a leader.—Groups of men stood together with their arms, and were under the direction of those who were evidently their officers. There were manifested the first rudiments of warlike art, of which even the best understood but little; but the half-naked, oddly-equipped multitude, with their sabres, muskets, axes, and pikes, had still the appearance of a battalion that might offer no slight resistance. At last the prisoner approached a large wooden house, which, surrounded by several tents, was erected under the shade of some palms, and just at this spot was the centre of the vast military force of Jeannot. Vincent passed by a row of huts, filled with a body of young and powerful men. An untameable wildness glared from the features of most, and the intense blackness of their complexion showed them to be of the Congo race. Jeannot had united these negroes especially under his command, as the cruelty of his nature was exactly suited to theirs. Not having been born on the Island, where the impressions of early life and custom tended to give some degree of civilization, they had brought from the wilds of Africa, the merciless and vengeful spirit, which belongs to the savage. They had the cruelty of the overseers to revenge, and the scars of the lashes, by which their stubborn spirit was to have been broken, and whatever the bloodthirsty soul of Jeannot invented to torture their late oppressors, they carried out and executed with shouts of delight.

The guard, having Vincent in charge, advanced to the entrance of the wooden tenement through a battalion, which, drawn out in a line, formed a hedge of weapons. These were men of uncommon stature, and of the most muscular make, the guard of the General, as he himself styled them, and the immediate agents of his will. Each carried a musket, and a knife in his belt. Short breeches of red and blue cotton, and a cap of the same stuff, with a broad brim, gave them the air of being regularly clad, and armed, such as Vincent had not yet observed among the blacks. Just as he was about to pass these ranks, who grinned at him as a sure victim, his conductor stopped him for a moment, and pointed to an old iron piece of ordnance that stood near a tent. It was a four-pounder, to which the carriage was wanting, placed upon a roughly-hewn log,—the black proudly intimated to Vincent that Jeannot had taken this valuable piece of artillery in battle. "Great General;" cried the negro, with an expression of great admiration, "white massa cannot fight with him," and in a sudden fit of good humour he added, softly: "Pray, massa, pray upon thy knees, kiss his feet, massa, and perhaps he will let thee be shot dead at once."

Vincent raised his eyes upwards and smiled. He cast a glance over the whole height, anxiously looking for some prospect of rescue, and in all his anxiety, still clinging to hope. In the distance other troops were visible, which appeared to form close columns, slowly approaching.

"Your number is great;" said he; "do those troops also belong to Jeannot's army?"

"No, no!" said the negro, contemptuously.—"There below is Jean Francois' camp; but what is that man to Jeannot? what are his soldiers to these? Jean Francois is called his Excellency, but here is Jeannot, before whom the white massas tremble. You will see him, come."

With this he advanced, passing the black guard, and followed by Vincent, who remained indifferent to the moment which was to introduce him to the terrible negro of whose cruelty he had heard such horrible accounts, that, even after all that he had seen, they still seemed to him only so many fables. Not far from the house, the guard opened into a half-circle, in the centre of which stood, to Vincent's astonishment, a splendid carriage, with six noble horses. Two boys, in gold-laced jackets stood by it as pages, servants and coachmen were arrayed in gorgeous liveries, which without doubt had once belonged to some planter, who had left them now to his murderers; but Vincent's manly features blanched not, when, close by the side of these tokens of luxury, which reminded him of all the refinements of civilized life, he saw set up another, and very different remembrancer, a token sufficiently significant of the brutal cruelty of Jeannot. Just before the dwelling of the General, stood a high and slender palm-tree, whose rich foliage, thick and large, was rocking gracefully in the air. If the beautiful top of this tree, aspiring to the light and the heaven, waved a symbol of freedom, the most malignant tyranny had converted its trunk into the instrument of its remorseless cruelty. A few feet from the ground a broad iron band was fastened round the tree, from which stood forth on all sides long sharp spikes which were provided with barbs. The terrible use of these irons was sufficiently plain. The bodies of two white men were hanging dead on these instruments of torture, which were thrust entirely through them in the middle, and held them fast. The sight was so terrible, the despair of the sufferers was still so fearfully depicted on every lineament, that Vincent, brave as he was, was suddenly seized by an inward pang of dread. The frightful thought that in a few moments, perhaps, his own body would be enduring the same tortures, the certainty of being among beings who knew no pity, and no human law, the horrors of the moment,—all presented themselves distinctly to his soul. Where was the deliverer, who had spoken consolation to him?—Where lingered the hand which could save him? Could a single individual rescue him, in the midst of thousands, who, well armed, were prepared to act at the slightest hint of their master? Toussaint Breda—who was this old negro? Biassu, Jeannot, Bruckman, Jean Francois, and twenty other names ran through Vincent's mind. These were the leaders who stood at the head of large hosts, but Toussaint's name was not among them. Lost was he in the multitude, perhaps at the head of the negroes of the Plantation Breda, an insignificant chieftain. It was idle to look for help in such a quarter. These thoughts passed wildly through the heated brain of Vincent. Among them all, one thing only was clear, his determination boldly to confront the monster Jeannot, and to die as became a freeman.

The door of the large wooden house was thrown open, and between the sabres of six gigantic blacks, Vincent entered, and remained standing with his guards at the entrance. The floor was covered with a mat, and a strange jumble of furniture of all sorts filled the ante-room. Costly easy chairs stood by the side of broken mirrors with heavy gilt frames; polished tables and cabinets, with Chinese and bronze ornaments, which had been obtained by their former owners from France, lay half buried under heaps of domestic utensils, copper kettles, axes, &c. A huge heap of porcelain and glass-ware filled one corner of the room. Clocks of rare value stood by, chests filled with nails, and heaps of bedding,—hardly any article of need or of luxury was absent. There were even splendid pianos, which Jeannot must have brought up into the mountains with no little trouble, and there they stood useless with their hidden magic, which no barbaric hand knew how to awaken. Here, in fine, was the whole mass of plunder which the General had secured for himself, and of which, from time to time, he distributed small articles as rewards, but that was seldom, as he was one of those who prefer taking to giving, and this avarice was especially visible when Vincent recognized his own sword at Jeannot's side, and a mournful look of the Lieutenant Candi seemed to say, that the great General had not thought it beneath his dignity, to desire for himself that valuable weapon.

Vincent had time to examine the place fully, for it almost seemed as if its terrible possessor scarcely observed his presence, or as if he wished to give his victim time to experience all the horrors of his fate, all the agony of death. With inquiring looks, the prisoner glanced over the mountains of plunder into the inner room, and his eyes naturally sought the man who was now the master of his fate. He found him soon enough, but in spite of his intense mental excitement, Vincent could not suppress a contemptuous smile. A lank, apish negro, of extreme ugliness, looked out from a large red coat, furnished with a General's epaulettes. The stiff, high collar of the coat, and a white cravat, helped as much to increase the ridiculousness of his appearance, as the restless quickness of his body, which was in continual motion, and a demoniac rolling eye, aggravated the horror of his looks. Underclothes of green, and high military boots, gave to his *toute ensemble*, an air of ridicule which was still further heightened by insignias of rank and honour, ribbons, and stars, and chains, which belonged once to the slaughtered whites, and which now adorned the breast of Jeannot. The vanity of the black leader cared little though five or six crosses or stars of the same order were heaped, one over the other; it was the glitter that fascinated him. Jeannot was just now seized with a musical fit, and appeared to be of an uncommonly merry humour. Upon the table, behind which he sate, stood a small hand-organ, which he was himself turning, with the marks of the liveliest pleasure, and whose croaking tones mingled with the far more harmonious accord of a beautiful musical clock, which stood close by the organ. The broken tones of the two instruments formed an odd jargon of sounds to which Jeannot's laugh offered a fitting accompaniment. Suddenly, as the musical clock ceased, he sprung up and ran with the greatest haste into a back room, where, at a long table, a number of persons were engaged, cutting and sewing together pieces of cotton cloth. It was the tailor's shop of his guard and his army, and the work was carried on under his own eye, work, of which he was a tolerably good judge, as he had been brought up, when a slave on a plantation, to the trade of a tailor. Vincent now, for the first time, heard his voice, which sounded like the cry of a cat; it was accompanied with smart and loud blows of a cane, which he administered very liberally to the idle or to those who disregarded his directions. These employments appeared to give him especial pleasure, for a considerable time elapsed ere he could quit the unfortunate tailors, who bore all his ill-treatment with abject submission. But suddenly, bethinking himself that there was a being at hand for whom he must invent some torture, he turned and came slowly towards Vincent, fastening upon him his little staring eyes. He carried a huge cane of bamboo, upon which he supported himself. A satanic smile passed over his features, when he detected no fear in the countenance of his prisoner, and saw that he made no motion to implore his mercy.

"Why do you not fall upon your knees, proud white man," cried he, after a long pause, while both stood surveying each other. "Why do you not ask my pity?"

"Because I know," said Vincent, calmly, "that your heart knows no pity."

Jeannot smiled, his ear was flattered. "I have power to give you your life," said he, marking the effect of his words. "Do you not fear to die?"

"I am in your hands," returned the officer, "I am a soldier, and do not fear death."

"Death!" cried the negro General, "do you know what death is, fool? White man," he continued, "I have seen the like of you, who endured wounds, and threw proud looks upon me. They were brave massas, but you should have heard them scream, and beg, and weep, you would know then that death creeps here ere he comes. Speak," he shrieked, "Jeannot has ways to open your mouth. What is your name?"

Vincent told his name.

"Are you a Creole?" asked the negro. Vincent replied in the negative.

"A Frenchman, from the mother-country," cried Jeannot. "Do you hate these Creoles? I have heard that many white people love freedom and the negroes."

"I love freedom," returned Vincent, "and abhor the cruelty of the planters."

"And why, you fool," cried the General, "do you fight against us?"

"Because duty demands of the soldier obedience," replied the officer.

"Traitor," shouted Jeannot, and clenched his fist, while his eyes flashed like a tiger's, "are you not a thousand times more deserving of punishment than those who fight against us because they hate us." But suddenly his brow grew smooth, and he laid his hand with an air friendliness upon Vincent's shoulder. "Listen to me," said he, "Jeannot has never yet given a white man his life, you please me, will you fight with me against the massas?"

"No," replied Vincent.

"No!" screeched Jeannot, looking at his prisoner with a mingled expression of amazement and unappeasable anger. "You are mad! Do you not know that I can tear you in pieces, strip the flesh from your limbs, and saw your very bones? Your brothers have died here thus, by the hundred, and vultures have devoured them; will you die, like them?"

"I know you," said Vincent, calmly. "I know, too, your atrocities, and do you believe that a white man, an officer, a friend of freedom, could connect himself with you, merely to save his life? You are a cowardly, inhuman wretch. Your hour will come, sooner than you think. You will not escape forever."

The negro stared at him with indescribable fury, he raised his hand and cane, and then let them fall again, and beckoned to his guard, and he appeared to be at a loss for tortures severe enough. Suddenly he turned, went hastily to the side of the room where a curtain hung. He drew it aside. A little altar with a silver crucifix over it, once belonging to some private chapel, was disclosed. Jeannot threw himself down before it, and humbly besought the gracious Virgin to point out to him, an appropriate kind of punishment for the insolent prisoner. Such appeared to be the subject of his prayer, for while he softly whispered his petitions, his eyes turned thoughtfully towards Vincent, and he sprung up at last, shouting in a triumphant tone: "I have it, I have it; kindle a fire, make the spikes at the tree red-hot, and then I will talk further with the fool. And then he nodded with his head and put on a ridiculous air of dignity. "Let us see, my good massa," said he, "whether you will laugh at Gen. Jeannot, let us see, Massa Officer, whether you can die as you say."

At this moment the door opened and an old priest entered. It was the Priest of Marmelade, a venerable figure, somewhat bowed, with restless, lively eyes. The sight of this person in his black dress appeared to work a sudden change in Jeannot, who threw himself down at the feet of the stranger, begging his blessing, and crossing himself very devoutly. He then with his former violence exclaimed: "God will forgive if man repents; said you not so, father? I repent, I will repent, but these whites must all be annihilated first. I am pious, honoured father, ask M. Duvoisin, at Grande Riviere, how many masses I hear; and here is my carriage waiting to carry me to mass. I give money, that God may forgive my sins. I love God and men, but not the white men. I hate them, for they are not the servants of God and the holy father at Rome, who says to the black men: 'You are my dearest children.' But good! you come at the right moment, father, this man would like, perhaps, to speak a word with you, he is going to set out on a long journey." And he pointed to Vincent, and distorted his face into a grin.

"General," said the priest, "it is on account of this very man I come to you. His Excellency, General Jean Francois,"—here Jeannot broke out into a screeching laugh, clenched his fist, and stamped on the floor like a maniac. "What wants my brother, Jean Francois?" he cried; "would he have what is mine? Say no more, father, I will not hear it; Jeannot regards no commands, his brothers love him, he is as great as any other leader."

"Jean Francois, who names himself Commander-in-chief of the black army," said the priest, "commands General Jeannot to appear before him, and to bring this officer with him."

"Jeannot will come," cried the negro, and his eyes sparkled with rage and scorn, "he will come to his brother Jean Francois, and give him an answer. Away with this priest," he cried to his guards and to the officers, who now crowded into the place in great numbers, "and away with this white dog. On to the spikes with him!"

A wild cry suddenly arose outside, and Jeannot shrunk back in evident alarm. The priest seized his hand and pointed to the door. "Flee," said he, "flee quickly, if you can my son; Jean Francois has surrounded your camp, his soldiers are in your tents, he himself comes to punish your cruelties. God be merciful to you! it is too late."

While he spoke, a tremendous shouting was heard without, and the name of Jean Francois, which fell upon Jeannot like a thunderbolt. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to meet the storm. He drew his sword and went towards the door, commanding his men to follow him; but here, as everywhere in the world, power turned to the side of fortune. The Congo blacks, who a few moments before, were so submissive to his orders, now stood motionless, the magic of the name of Jean Francois had disabled their will, and suddenly the cowardly Jeannot was overpowered by the dread of that hour of retribution, which Vincent had intimated to him, to be so near. He let his sword fall, threw himself at the feet of the priest, and shrieked in a melancholy voice: "Save me, father, save me!"

The sound of his voice had not ceased when the door was burst open, and Jean Francois, attended by many of his most distinguished officers, entered. There was rather a gaudy mixture of uniforms, and plumes, and crosses, and stars of honour, among the throng of blacks. Vincent saw also several white men, Spanish officers, easily distinguished by their bearded faces. The manly figure of Jean Francois had something of a royal pride about it. His flashing eye sought out the object of his wrath, and a deep contempt was expressed in every feature, as he saw the wretch lying, quaking at the feet of the priest, and imploring mercy.

"Miscreant!" he cried to him, "you, who make the name of the black man to be accursed, what atrocious deeds have you not heaped up, demanding retribution? Is not the war bloody enough of itself? Does not blood enough flow, shed by a righteous cause? Must wretches like you, call down upon us the wrath of Heaven?

"Have pity, brother," shrieked Jeannot, and sought to approach him, "mercy, pardon! and I will kiss the dust of your feet."

"Did you kiss my feet," replied the General-in-Chief, "when I warned you to be humane? Was it not you, who caused the brave Paul to be murdered, because he had saved his white master? And was it not you, traitor, who in the first fight with the whites, acted as their leader and spy? And when you had made yourself the leader of a disorderly rabble, did you not—have you not sought out the most horrible tortures for your prisoners? Wretch, did you not, with shouts of laughter, slaughter the unfortunate Paradole and his four sons, imploring your pity? Are you not loaded with the curses of the dying? my orders," he continued, with increased emphasis, "the commands of your General and superior, have you not contemned, defying me, surrounding yourself with plunder, tricking yourself out in the gaudy tokens of your baseness? Miserable slave, do you dare to ride in a gorgeous carriage with six horses, like the son of a king? Away with you, wretch, suffer now the tortures which you have prepared for the innocent, howl away your worthless life upon the irons which your executioners have made red-hot out there." With his foot, he pushed back the whimpering Jeannot, and bade his guard who occupied the door, to seize the doomed creature, and carry him away to death.

(To be continued.)

THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

With regard to the depth of this body of water, no certain conclusions have yet been formed. Beyond a certain depth it has hitherto been found unfathomable. We know, in general, that the depth of the sea increases gradually as we leave the shore; but we have reason to believe that this increase of depth continues only to a certain distance. The numerous islands scattered everywhere through the ocean, demonstrate that the bottom of the waters, so far from uniformly sinking, sometimes rises into lofty mountains. It is highly probable that the depth of the sea is somewhat in proportion to the elevation of the land; for there is some reason to conclude that the present bed of the ocean formed the inhabited part of the ancient world previous to the general deluge, and that we are now occupying the bed of the former ocean; and, if so, its greatest depth will not exceed four or five miles; for there is no mountain that rises higher above the level of the sea. But the sea has never been actually sounded to a greater depth than one mile and sixty-six feet. Along the coasts its depth has always been found proportioned to the height of the shore; where the coast is high and mountainous, the sea that washes it is deep; but where the coast is low the water is shallow. To calculate the quantity of waters it contains, we must therefore suppose a medium depth. If we reckon its average depth at two miles, it will contain 296,000,000 of cubical miles of water. We shall have a more specific idea of this enormous mass of water, if we consider that it is sufficient to cover the whole globe to the height of more than 8,000 feet; and if this water were reduced to one spherical mass, it would form a globe of more than 8,000 miles in diameter.—*Dick.*

From the London Times.

A UNIFORM ATMOSPHERE FOR THE ASTHMATIC AND CONSUMPTIVE.

In the course of the experiments of our fellow-townsman, Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, on the deoxydizing of indigo for calico printing (which we noticed in our last), he had constructed for him, by Mr. William Fairbairn, a wrought-iron air-tight chamber, of considerable dimensions, for the purpose of obtaining an atmosphere devoid of oxygen, in which to carry on the process of printing cloth with indigo in the soluble state. This chamber, which was so constructed, with double doors, &c. as to be air-tight, was 36 feet in length, by 12 feet wide and 10 feet high. In the roof of this chamber a tap was inserted, communicating with a reservoir of coal gas, and a pipe inserted into the floor conveyed the atmospheric air from the chamber. It was remarked, that when the tap supplying the carburetted hydrogen was opened, there was no smell perceived at the outer end of the pipe in the floor, through which the air was expelled, until the whole chamber was completely filled with the gas, and then it issued, in a pure state, from the pipe below, thus showing, in a striking manner, the levity of the gas, and how little it commingles with the atmospheric air. Mr. Woodcroft was accustomed to be shut up in this chamber, full of gas, together with a young man, a workman, both wearing firemen's hermetically-closed helmets, with flexible tubes, through which the atmospheric air was supplied for inspiration, and the carbonic acid gas respired was carried away. The air forced into the helmets, and breathed by them, was thus somewhat denser than the atmospheric air outside, the pressure being also uniform. Under these circumstances, both Mr. Woodcroft and the young man assisting him experienced an unusual degree of buoyancy and exhilaration, almost equal to that caused by the inhalation of nitrous oxide.—This suggested to Mr. Woodcroft the idea of a sanatorial chamber, in which, as in this case, a uniform pressure of air should be secured,—which is easily attainable under such circumstances, for it can be regulated exactly by a mercury lute. In this sanatorial chamber, filled, not with any deleterious gas, but with atmospheric air, at one carefully-regulated and uniform temperature and pressure, Mr. Woodcroft would place persons suffering from incipient consumption, asthma, and other diseases of the chest or lungs; being persuaded that the relief it would afford to the respiratory organs, under such circumstances, would be a most important aid to the curative means applied, and to the restorative and reparatory efforts of nature to replace the impaired structures. The suggestion of such a chamber, for such experiments, at least, was made by Mr. Woodcroft at the time, to some members of the faculty; but the suggestion was not regarded at the moment; and, subsequently, when some parties wished to try experiments of this kind, it was too late, for the iron chamber, having served its purpose, had been broken up; and thus a favourable opportunity was lost for trying a very interesting experiment, in connection with a large and often fatal class of diseases, to which inhabitants of this humid climate are peculiarly liable.

From the Law Reporter.

SAMUEL WARREN, THE AUTHOR OF "TEN THOUSAND A YEAR."

"I have observed," says the *Spectator*, "that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author." There are few men of our profession abroad of whom this is more true than that of Mr. Warren. We understand that he is a barrister, nearly fifty years of age, in a respectable but somewhat limited business, and is neither remarkable for learning nor tact in his profession. He is a nervous person, and not prepossessing in his personal appearance, nor popular with the bar, who tell many laughable stories at his expense. One of the best things which he did, in his own estimation, was to write an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* several years ago, in which he ran a parallel between Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, much to the disparagement of the former. An invitation to dinner, subsequently, by the latter, and the election of Mr. Warren, are a part of the gossip of the English bar. His "Diary of a London Physician," and, more recently, his novel of "Ten Thousand a Year," gave him considerable reputation in the literary world, and the latter excited much attention, not only for its own intrinsic merits, of which it has many, but also from the fact that most of the characters are drawn from life. Mr. Hayward, the former editor of the *Law Magazine*, in particular, is subjected to unsparing ridicule. When this book was published, the author was tried in the bar mess on one of the circuits under the person of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's servant; the charge being that this servant had written a certain false, scandalous, malicious, and ridiculous book, called "Ten Thousand a Year."—He was convicted and sentenced to death, but, on a pathetic appeal to Mr. Talfourd, who testified to the good qualities of this servant, and promised for him that he would never be caught writing such a book again, the punishment was changed to transportation. Mr. Warren was present, and the bar took ample revenge for the ridicule cast upon some of their number by the author, and pleased themselves at the same time. It is not probable that Mr. Warren's legal reputation will ever be equal to his literary. A gentleman who happened to be present at the argument of *Saunders vs. Smith*, (Myine and Craig, 711,) when Mr. Warren appeared for the first time at the chancery bar, stated, in our hearing, that his appearance was not graceful nor prepossessing, and although he sustained himself very well for the first half hour, he afterwards flagged, and provoked the smiles of the older members of that bar.

THE POET POLLOK AND SLAVERY.

The London Patriot, of October 8th, has the following:

"Slavery! that execrable sum of all human misery."—WESLEY.

SIR: Having read the letter of the Rev. W. Brock, in your last, on the apologist of American Slavery at Norwich, I took up the admirable poem, "Pollok's Course of Time," to give it a second perusal, and in a few minutes came to the following glowing passage upon "Earth's Liberty," from which the nations richly reaped

"Oppression, slavery, tyranny, and war;
Confusion, desolation, trouble, shame."

It struck me forcibly that the poet's sentiments upon Slavery and its "advocates," deserves the greatest publicity at the present time, and to be spread as far as "winds can waft and billows roll." The bard of earth now in paradise, sung—

"And, marvellous though it seem, this monster, when
It took the name of Slavery, as oft
It did, had advocates to plead its cause;
Beings that walked erect, and spoke like men;
Of Christian parentage descended, too;
And dipped in the baptismal font, as sign
Of dedication to the Prince who bowed
To death to set the sin-bound prisoner free.
Unchristian thought! on what pretence soe'er—
Of right inherited, or else acquired—
Of loss or profit, or what plea you name,
To buy and sell, to barter, whip, and hold
In chains, a being of celestial make;
Of kindred form, of kindred faculties,
Of kindred feelings, passions, thoughts, desires,
Born free, and heir of an immortal hope.
Thought villainous, absurd, detestable!
Unworthy to be harboured in a fiend!
And only overreached in wickedness
By that—birth, too, of earthly liberty,
Which aimed to make a reasonable man—
By legislation think, and by the sword
Believe! This was liberty renovated,
Those equal rights of Greece and Rome! where men,
All, but a few, were bought and sold and scourged,
And killed as interest or caprice enjoined;
In after times talked of, written of, so much,
That most, by sound and custom led away,
Believed the essence answered to the name!
Historians on this theme were long and warm;
Statesmen, drunk with the fumes of vain debate,
In lofty swelling phrase, called it perfection;
Philosophers its rise, advance, and fall,
Traced carefully; and poets kindled still,
As memory brought it up; their lips were touched
With fire, and uttered words that men adored.
Even the true bard of Zion, holy man
To whom the Bible taught this precious verse,—
'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free'—
By fashion, though by fashion little swayed,
Scarce kept his harp from Pagan freedom's praise.
The captive prophet, whom Jehovah gave
The future years, described it best, when he
Beheld its rise in vision of the night;—
A dreadful beast, and terrible and strong
Exceedingly, with mighty iron teeth;
And lo, it broke in pieces and devoured,
And stamped the residue beneath its feet."

This stinging passage occurs in pp. 97-99. Alas! for the application of it to the boasted sons of free America! When will the time come that in every land every man and woman wil lverify the description of this poet—

"Who blushed alike to be or have a slave"?

Yours, very truly,
JAMES PEGGS.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, Sept. 30, 1846.

THE JUDGE TURNED SCHOOLMASTER.

At the head of a private orphan-house, at Potsdam, is the venerable Von Turk. According to the laws of his country, Von Turk is a nobleman. His talents and acquisitions were such, that, at a very early age, he was elevated to the Bench. This was, probably, an office for life, and was attended with honours and emoluments. He officiated as a judge fourteen years, but in the course of this time, so many criminal cases were brought before him for adjudication, whose only cause and origin were so plainly referable to early neglect in the culprit's education, that the noble heart of the judge could no longer bear to pronounce sentence of condemnation against the prisoners; for he looked upon them as men, who, almost without a paradox, might be called *guiltless offenders*. While holding the office of judge, he was appointed school-inspector. The paramount importance of the latter office grew upon his mind as he executed his duties, until at last he came to the full conception of the grand and sacred truth,—how much more intrinsically honourable is the vocation of the teacher, who saves from crime and from wrong, than the magistrate who waits till they are committed, and then avenges them.

He immediately resigned his office of judge, with its life-tenure and its salary, travelled to Switzerland, where he placed himself under the care of Pestalozzi; and after availing himself for three years of the instructions of that celebrated teacher, he returned to take charge of an orphan asylum. Since that time, he has devoted his whole life to the care of the neglected and destitute. He lives in as plain and inexpensive a style as our well-off farmers and mechanics, and devotes his income to the welfare of the needy. I was told by his personal friends, that he not only deprived himself of the luxuries of life, but submitted to many privations, in order to appropriate his small income to others whom he considered more needy; and that his wife and family cordially and cheerfully shared such privations with him for the same object. To what extent would our own community sympathize with, or appreciate the act, if one of the judges of our higher courts, or any other official dignitary, should resign an office of honour and of profit, to become the instructor of children.—*H. Mann's Educational Tour, pp.* 90, 91.

FRANKLIN'S MODE OF LENDING MONEY.—"I send you, herewith, a bill of ten louis d'ors. I do not pretend to give much: I only lend it to you. When you return to your country, you cannot fail of getting into some business that will, in time, enable you to pay all your debts. In that case, when you meet another honest man in similar distress, you will pay me by lending this money to him, enjoining him to discharge the debt by a like operation when he shall be able, and shall meet with such another opportunity. I hope it may thus pass through many hands before it meets with a knave to stop its progress. This is a trick of mine to do a great deal of good with a little money. I am not rich enough to afford much in good works, and I am obliged to be cunning, and make the most of a little."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

THIERS AND MIGNET.—At the bar of Aix, Thiers soon found that it was vain to struggle against the disadvantages of his birth in a place where the humbleness and obscurity of his origin were so notorious, and where the spirit of aristocracy had never been repressed even in the heat of the Revolution. Impelled by a common feeling, and full of aspirations after future fame, his friend Mignet and himself determined to seek their fortunes in Paris, where alone genius, as they thought, could surmount the difficulties which were opposed to it. They, accordingly, packed up their little all, put themselves into the banquette of the diligence, and started, on a fine morning in July 1821, for the capital, as rich in talents and in hopes as they were poor in cash. During the first months of their residence in Paris, the two adventurers took a lodging, which, since their arrival at wealth and distinction, has been visited with as much interest as the house in which Shakspeare lived, at Stratford-on-Avon, is viewed by the worshipers of the great dramatist, and its description is familiar to all the lovers of French literature. In a dirty, dark street, near the Palais Royale, called the Passage Montesquieu, in the most crowded and noisy part of Paris, you ascend by a flight of steps into a gloomy and miserable lodging-house, in the fifth floor of which a smoked door conducts you into two small rooms, opening one from the other, which was the dwelling-place of two men whose celebrity, within a few short years afterwards, filled the world. A common chest of drawers, of the cheapest wood, a bed to match, two rush-bottom chairs, a little ricketty nut-wood table, incapable of resting steadily on its feet, and a white curtain, formed the inventory of the furniture of the abode of two men, one of whom, in a few years, rose to the office of Prime Minister of France, and the other to the highest place in the historical literature of that country. Those who have visited the two friends in their obscure attic, and have since partaken the sumptuous hospitality of M. Thiers, in his splendid mansion in the Place of St. George, will find abundant food for reflection on the vicissitudes of human affairs.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A baker at Vienna, has made a discovery, which, at the present moment, may prove of high importance—the use of beet-root in making bread. Two loaves, one consisting of one-half, the other of five-eighths beet-root, the remainder being of wheat flour, were sent for the inspection of the minister of agriculture and of commerce. The loaves were baked on the 30th of October, and on the 20th of November, retained all the taste and appearance of a good household bread. The bread is made in the usual manner, only with less water and a little more salt. The beet-root must be grated at the moment of making use of it. The Austrian minister has ordered different experiments to be made, which, however, it is easy for any person to do themselves.

There is a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect in regard to the sun. Those are decidedly the healthiest, *cæteris paribus*, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is well known that epidemics attack the inhabitants of the shady side of a street, and totally exempt those of the other side.—*Dr. Moore.*

BOSTON NEWSPAPERS.—From a book of statistics recently published by the authorities of the city of Boston, it appears that no less than twelve acres of newspapers are printed in Boston daily.

A DIRECTION.—A new church having been lately built in the town of Halstead, Essex, in a part where dissent is very strong, as a means of showing such evil-doers their error, the following "beautiful" inscription has been placed over the porchway of the said church; "Truly *this* is the House of God, and *this* is the Gate of Heaven."—*Nonconformist.*

The epithets applied to the principal cities of Italy are as follows: Rome the holy, Naples the noble, Florence the beautiful, Genoa the superb, Venice the rich, Padua the learned, Bologna the fat, Milan the grand, Ravenna the antique, Leghorn the mercantile, Verona the charming, Lucca the polished.

At the Nonington agricultural meeting, Mr. R